

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

"Inter Sanctos sors illorum"

THE canonization in Rome of Saints John Fisher and Thomas More on May 19th vividly illustrates the nature of true glory. They perished as traitors four centuries ago by an abuse of justice hardly paralleled in the annals of tyranny. As in the case of their Master and Model, their lives were considered madness and their end without honour, and most of their countrymen thought of them, if they thought at all, as pitifully mistaken fools. Yet now, the whole world rings with their fame, whilst the name of their murderer, preserved from oblivion by association with theirs, is held in merited execration. One needs to stand back both in space and time in order to appreciate the real meaning of any event, and the true worth of any character. So situated, men can now see that Henry's rule was more brutal in itself and more degrading to those under it than anything visible even in this day of dictators, outside the sway of the atheist Governments of Russia and Mexico, and that the holy prelate and great lawyer who withstood it were fighting the battle of all the oppressed. The Church honours the martyrs for upholding the unity of Christ's mystical Body, preserved and symbolized by the spiritual Supremacy of His Vicar on earth, but fundamentally they died for human liberty, for those indefeasible rights of conscience which the absolute ruler, be he King or Dictator, is always trying to destroy. Accordingly, by the setting of these two men on the topmost pinnacle of earthly honour, with the seal of her infallibility to warrant the fact of their sanctity, the Church has made provision for the chief need of our time, the restoration to the world-community of that liberty of spirit wherewith Christ hath made us free.

A Great Opportunity Missed

THE modern representatives of St. John Cardinal Fisher, our Catholic hierarchy, flocked gladly to Rome to do honour to one of the brightest lights of their Order and so to

atone for the pusillanimity of their brethren in Tudor times—but where were those who, as English judges and lawyers, may claim to stand to-day in the place of St. Thomas More? They were not there. Just as the Europe of Henry's time was amazed at the insensibility to true worth which the tyrant displayed in destroying the two greatest ornaments of his realm, so intelligent foreigners to-day will have marked with surprise that the English Bench and Bar sent no one to represent them officially on occasion of the supreme honour paid by the Church to the first and incomparably the greatest of lay Lord Chancellors of England. The fact that the present Lord Chancellor and most of his colleagues are not Catholics apparently blinded them to the extreme aptness of the opportunity thus afforded them of making tacit amends for the gross miscarriage of justice perpetrated by the Tudor judges, by formally assisting at the canonization of its victim. Such an act of courtesy would have reflected on them and their profession much more honour than they could hope to confer, but naturally this may not have struck them, nor did any other consideration serve to broaden their vision. It is said with authority that the blame of this decision not to allow the Judiciary to participate in the honours paid to St. Thomas is attributable to the Cabinet, whose vision perhaps was only wide enough to take in "the Protestant vote."

The Cause of the Irish Martyrs

HIS HOLINESS is reported to have been especially moved by finding amongst the petitions for the Martyrs' canonization, one from the Judiciary of Ireland. They, at any rate, did not allow national prepossessions to obscure their appreciation of English Catholic heroism. Moreover, on May 27th, the Guild of Catholic Lawyers held a public meeting in New York to celebrate the great event. But Catholics or not, all legal bodies everywhere, reflecting that the Saints of the profession are not very numerous, might fairly be expected to join in applauding the splendid example of judicial integrity presented by the holy Chancellor, and in deploring the wicked travesty of justice through which he was done to death. The rarity of his sacrifice makes St. Thomas in that sense more conspicuous than St. John. Bishops, shepherds of the flock, are by profession, called on to devote their lives for their sheep. It is, nevertheless, worth noting that the glorious list of those slain for the Faith by

successive English Governments, during the century and a half of active persecution, should have closed, as it practically opened, with the martyrdom of a Bishop, the Blessed Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, who was executed at Tyburn in 1681. But, of course, he was not the only Irish martyr whom the same Protestant Government, relentlessly persecuting Catholics abroad as well as at home, put to death. Many people had hoped that the 1,500th anniversary of St. Patrick's landing in Ireland, or the great Dublin Eucharistic Congress, both of which events happened in 1932, might have been made the occasion of beatifying some at least of the 257 Irish martyrs, whose cause was introduced just twenty years ago. And many, doubtless, are praying to-day, not only that their cause may be speedily advanced, but that Blessed Oliver, the last and greatest of them, may soon share with his brother Bishop, St. John, the supreme honour of canonization, and thus bring into greater prominence the faithful witness of those many venerable martyrs of Ireland whose blood still cries out for the vindication of their sacrifice.

Our Saints and "Continuity"

THE canonization of those two prominent sons of the Church Catholic in England, as well as the occurrence, on May 27th, of the twelve hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Bede, has moved several sections of the Anglican Establishment to claim those Saints as their fellow-members, and to pay homage to their greatness. Granting certain assumptions, it is only right that they should. We ourselves have so often to complain that people attack details of our conduct which are the strictly logical consequences of our beliefs, instead of trying to show that those beliefs are wrong, that we should be careful not to imitate that faulty procedure. If the Anglican Church is, as many think, substantially one with the pre-Reformation Church in this country, then it is quite natural that it should want to honour the great men of the past. We cannot object to, we should even approve of, such proceedings for, from honouring men who held the whole Catholic Faith, they may be led themselves to accept that Faith in its entirety. It is annoying, of course, to find strangers claiming spiritual kindred with one's own ancestors, and we should try to disillusion them, but so long as they are thus deluded we should take in good part conduct dictated by good, if unfounded, faith. Our aim should always be to

prove its baselessness, and to show that it cannot be maintained except by recourse to false history, unsound theology and faulty logic. In other words, let us always attack the fable of continuity at its source rather than in its manifestations, irritating though they be. Once the Elizabethan origin of Anglicanism is made clear, the rest of its claims to be a section of the Church of Christ simply vanish. If Elizabethan, then not Apostolic, either in jurisdiction or mission: nor yet Catholic, in doctrine, time, space or constitution; nor as a body Holy, being without the chief means of grace, priesthood and sacrifice: nor, finally, One, lacking from the first the one bond of unity, divine authority to teach and rule. *De facto*, the Establishment has none of these Notes, nor ever had. The State which founded it has kept it together without them. Disestablish it, and it will dissolve into sects like Nonconformity. It is, in fact, already dissolved, and not even the menace of organized atheism can frighten its factions into fraternal union.

Diplomacy and Dictators

SECRET diplomacy—the traditional juggling behind closed doors with the lives and interests of unconscious millions by a few statesmen incapable, in the nature of things, of sustaining fitly such vast responsibilities—was formally renounced in the first of Wilson's "Fourteen Points," although one suspects that it is very much alive still. However, the open diplomacy which has taken its place, although giving the masses, wherever they are still politically free, some chance of guiding their own destinies, has not a few drawbacks of its own. For instance, it gives the Jingo Press, of which scares and plots and rumours, quarrels and lies and indiscretions, are the very life-blood, unending opportunities for evil. Nothing is so productive of ill-will amongst nations as the irresponsible influence of those moneyed men who use newspapers to push their private political or social nostrums, and carry on their personal vendettas. To such, diplomacy conducted in the open furnishes ample occasion for insinuating wrong motives and sowing suspicions, and a cloud of their henchmen hangs about every diplomatic mission, keeping public opinion in a perpetual ferment. On the other hand, the open exhibition of the mental and moral shortcomings of these Press Lords has the natural tendency of weakening their evil influence. The poison carries its own

antidote. But diplomatic publicity has this further disadvantage, that it provides a stage upon which dictators and would-be dictators can constantly advertise themselves; for the "strong man" has to keep on displaying his strength if he is to maintain his reputation. The liberties on which he has trampled on the way to his pre-eminence will inevitably sprout again, unless he goes on trampling. If he cannot bring about a succession of dramatic coups, utter now and then defiance of this or that opponent, make frequent display of his personal energy and force of will, he risks losing influence at home. However, though dictators make uncomfortable national neighbours, yet it is better that they should parade themselves in public than foster their selfish national or personal ambitions beyond the scope of our knowledge. To see them is ultimately to see through them, just as we get to know whom to esteem and whom to distrust from the reported utterances of our Parliamentarians. The violent suppression of domestic criticism and discussion by which the dictator maintains his power only injures his reputation abroad, yet because he is in a position to get things done, he is easier to deal with than is a remote Foreign Office speaking through an Embassy. Again, since his power is based on an appeal to national pride, he accentuates the element of *prestige* in international affairs. He cannot afford even to seem not to have held his own in negotiations and, therefore, he ill brooks any attempt at international control. He needs more careful handling than politicians are always capable of.

The Effects of the Royal Jubilee

LAST month, when Europe was seething, as it still seethes, with political unrest, and, with unabated vigour, the old foolish game of partial pacts and private alliances was being played, this country enjoyed by comparison a period of halcyon calm. By common consent, domestic worries were laid aside, in order that the Royal Jubilee should be celebrated in unbroken peace and harmony. The public jubilation was genuine and universal: even the slums, where discontent is naturally and normally rife, were gay with decorations. Never was there a more entire sinking of differences and oblivion of grievances, under the stress of a more general emotion of loyalty. Moreover, it would seem that the effects will be permanent. The nation has become more acutely conscious of the priceless element of stability it possesses in its com-

mon devotion to the throne, the occupant of which, by his simplicity, high principle, devotion to duty, and moral uprightness, has won beyond all his predecessors the esteem and regard of his people. One and all they are "his very dear people," and they know on their side that he has their welfare at heart. At the close of the memorable celebration on May 6th, he spoke to them all, showing that the splendour of the occasion did not make him forget their interests. "My people and I have come through great trials and difficulties together. *They are not over.*" Thus, in the midst of his own rejoicing, his thoughts were with the workless and destitute, those whom chaotic economic conditions deprive of the means of supporting themselves, and who lose hope and self-respect through their forced dependence. On behalf of these and the War-disabled, the King, in the hour of his own triumph, pleaded with his countless hearers. Let us hope that the good men who, for the moment, direct our affairs will learn at last that their chief duty is to banish at whatever sacrifice of precedent and vested interests the plague of unemployment.

The Object of Patriotism

IT is on an occasion like this that the peculiar advantages of an hereditary constitutional monarchy, set above party and politics and free from the hazards of active rule, become very apparent. It is as Head of the nation that the King enjoys the patriotic homage of its constituents. The actual heads of the Government are his servants—"his Majesty's ministers"—and, for that matter, our servants as well, since, theoretically at least, we appoint them and can dismiss them. Accordingly, although the King can do no wrong, his ministers are not immune from criticism, and it is possible to be thoroughly patriotic whilst accusing this or that member of the Government, or even the whole Cabinet, of folly or wrong-doing. In fact, patriotism may not unseldom demand such a course. There is no such liberty of conscience under the false system which identifies State and Nation, where criticism is denounced and punished as treason, and allegiance is claimed for the *de facto* leaders of a faction, whatever their moral or mental qualifications, placed in temporary power by equivocal means and maintained by process of terrorism.¹ The spectacle

¹ Herr Hitler's claim (Reichstag speech, May 21st) that Nazi Germany has a democratic constitution because "the Government of the National-Socialist State are called by the people and feel themselves responsible to the

of such systems in action abroad, combined with the admirable character of their present King must have strengthened beyond conception the monarchical principle amongst the people of this country.

Herr Hitler's Terms of Peace

WE have frequently, and patriotically, stigmatized the series of psychological blunders in diplomacy, wherein our politicians have had some share, which have gradually raised defeated Germany to the position of dictator in Europe. The final result was seen on May 21st when, assuming that role, the Nazi leader laid down the conditions of world-peace. If we overlook the brutal means whereby he rose to power, and the immoral principles on which he bases it, we must admit that the present extraordinary position of a man who, a dozen short years ago, was a mere ex-corporal working for his living, betokens an extraordinary personality. The misfortune is that such vast power seems to have little backing of knowledge or wisdom. However, the dictator has wisdom enough to see that another European war would mean the ruin of Germany as well as of the rest of Europe, Samson and the Philistines thus perishing together, and so he held his hand from the pillars, the already shaken pillars, of peace. It is to be hoped that the Cabinet will act immediately on the lines suggested in the House next day by Mr. Baldwin, and close with Herr Hitler's proposal to negotiate the eventual abolition of air-bombing as an "illegal barbarity," and of all specifically aggressive weapons, such as monster guns and tanks. For, with all its qualifications and lack of detail, the Chancellor's speech was a bid for peace. He claimed, rightly enough, that Germany's acquiescence in her demilitarized frontier towards the west was a contribution of unparalleled gravity to the appeasement of Europe. He owned specifically that Germany could gain nothing by war. His whole utterance, in its general character, was an olive-branch, or rather a cluster of olive-branches. Even the exclusion of Russia from the ambit of Germany's friendship was contingent on the continuance of the Soviet policy of atheist propaganda and world-revolution, which other nations have over-trustfully

people," and his explanation of his own unprecedented position by saying: "The German people, with 38,000,000 votes, have chosen a single deputy as its representative," can only be described politely as a singular case of auto-suggestion.

considered to be abandoned. The thirteen points of his summary deserve all the attention given to President Wilson's famous fourteen, and the speech as a whole deserved to be characterized by *The Times* (May 22nd) as "reasonable, straightforward and comprehensive."

Herr Hitler's Handicap

IN the same leader, *The Times* deprecates the attempts made in the Jingo Press to discount Herr Hitler's proposals and suggestions as coming from an untrustworthy source :

It is to be hoped [it writes, italics ours] that the speech will be taken everywhere as a sincere and well-considered utterance, *meaning precisely what it says*. There are no greater enemies to the peace of Europe than those who would spread an atmosphere of suspicion about an important and long-awaited pronouncement of this kind, before it is even delivered and when its contents are a matter of pure conjecture. In the present case the mere probability that Herr Hitler's attitude might, on the whole, be conciliatory and pacific has led in the last few days to a *good deal of interested propaganda* to the effect that any olive-branch from such a quarter must be poisoned, and that any plea from Germany for a respite from competition can only mean that its author is not yet ready for war. Even if this view were well founded, at this moment it would be a crime against peace to make it the basis of a *permanent policy*.

In other words, no international harmony is possible unless on the general assumption that words and promises, there being no clear evidence to the contrary, are truthful and to be trusted. At the same time, it must be owned that, like the Old Man of the Sea, there sits on Herr Hitler's shoulders his preposterous book "Mein Kampf," full of the most arrogant racialism, of schemes and projects against other nations, of disbelief in international peace, of the national egotism of the worst type, having for ultimate aim, a Pan-Germany which would entail the disruption of many neighbouring nations. Moreover, from the mouths of his immediate henchmen there flow unrebuked attacks upon Christianity, quite as detestable as those in Russia, and there passes unpunished a growing number of actual unprovoked assaults on German Catholics as such. Herr Hitler cannot be surprised if, handi-

capped in this fashion, his protestations are apt to be regarded by many people with mistrust. If he would only expurgate his unfortunate book and restrain his ridiculous lieutenants his words would carry more weight. But in any case their quality can be determined, only if they are made the basis of immediate negotiation.

Parity and Reduction

NONE but those who profit by war-preparations can welcome the alleged necessity of immediately trebling the British Air Force. It would seem hopeless to aim at parity whilst the standard of parity is always liable to shift. A maximum limit should at once be agreed on and, *pari passu*, the policy of entire abolition must be urged with all possible vigour. The chief Powers have all, at one time or another, supported this policy but, owing largely to this country reserving the right, for reasons of economy, to police by bombing various uncivilized frontier tribes, a general agreement has been blocked. In this terrible matter there should be no reserves. The bombing aeroplane in practice is not a fair weapon of combat, but a means of terrorizing non-combatants. In a moving passage in his speech of May 22nd Mr. Baldwin said :

I have been made almost physically sick to think that I and my friends, and statesmen in every country of Europe, 2,000 years after Our Lord was crucified,¹ should be spending our time thinking how we can get the mangled bodies of children to hospital, and how we can keep the poison gas from going down the throats of the people. It is time that all Europe recognized this.

It is indeed time : the hour is on the point of striking. Let this country make a "fresh resolve," as the orator urges, "that we may within a time measurable in our lives, see banished from the world the most fearful terrors and prostitution of man's knowledge that the world has ever known." A start in this hopeful direction was made on February 3rd, when an Air-Locarno was discussed between France and Great Britain, and it was further matured at the Stresa Conference between France, Great Britain and Italy. It only needs the adhesion

¹ This open mention of the implications of the Christian faith in a public debate is sufficiently rare in these days to deserve the commendation of Christians.

of Germany as the remaining "Locarno" Power to make the sane proposal of pooling all Air Forces against an aggressor, a reality, and thus render possible a drastic reduction of individual strength leading to eventual abolition. But, as all agree, the limitation, or even the abolition, of fighting-planes will not give security, unless there is efficient international control of civil aviation. The necessary infringement of national sovereignty involved in this control is the price, surely a slight one, to be paid for peace.

Exit "The Protocols"

VICTIMS ourselves of innumerable attacks on our Faith and practice by means of bogus documents, we Catholics should be all the keener not to countenance similar cases of false witness against other religious bodies. It is in this spirit that we utterly condemn the Nazi persecution of the Jews, which continues unabated and which, like all injustice, will one day bring its sure nemesis. Its injustice is plain from the fact that it is based on unsound and unChristian race theories, and on manifest forgeries such as that of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion." It is with regret that we note a measure of reluctance shown by some credulous Catholics to abandon belief in that ridiculous concoction. In spite of the fact that the sources of the document have been traced and exposed time and again—our own first remarks on the subject are dated September, 1921, when we too hopefully spoke of "The End of a Myth"—and have latterly, after being subjected to an exhaustive examination before the Court of Berne from October last till May 14th, been declared seditious literature and their publishers fined, they continue to form an item of indictment against the Jews in Nazi textbooks, and amongst those of every nation whose prejudices are too strong for their common sense. We hope that now the proof of the forgery has been once more published in full, Catholics at least will no longer be found in the latter category.

The Weather and Mr. Epstein

THE horrible quasi-anatomical human statues which Mr. Jacob Epstein designed as a frieze for the British Medical Association's offices in Agar Street, Strand, occasioned a protest from lovers of decency, when they were erected in 1908. However, the fact that they were effectively "skied"

in an upper course and were certain, in any case, to be soon coated with kindly London grime, made the protest ephemeral and ineffective. Now that the building has passed into other non-medical hands and is being, or has been, reconditioned, the resolution to remove the statues and put them elsewhere has raised another protest, this time from a number of eminent artists, who apparently think, with Mr. Epstein himself, that the building and the frieze are so architecturally one that to touch the latter would be to injure the former. They are entitled to their view, no doubt, but meanwhile, as appears from a letter to *The Times*, dated May 18th, the weather, as long ago as 1928, had so affected the statues that all but three were in a state of considerable decay, having lost one or other of their limbs or being otherwise damaged. Henceforward, if they survive, they will represent stucco rather than stone, yet, in spite of this happy solution of the problem by the kindly interposition of Nature, the agitation still continues. One may be allowed to hope that the weather may be equally discriminating in regard to the other Epstein statues that affront the gaze of Londoners.

The Foe within the Gates

THE Episcopacy, appointed by God to rule the Church, and endowed with special graces to accomplish its functions, is rightly held to be exempt from criticism in their exercise. It stands or falls by its own Lord, viz., the Bishop of Bishops, to whom has been committed the care of all the Churches. As a matter of fact, such unwarranted criticism is now rarely met with amongst us in this country, however it may have been in the stormy days preceding Emancipation; what might have shocked us lately in a Catholic weekly—a letter signed “Sacerdos” calling in question the ruling of a diocesan bishop in a matter altogether within episcopal competence—was promptly repudiated by the Editor. The scandal is very much greater abroad when we find organized bodies of Catholics claiming to direct Catholic policy in ethical questions without the sanction of, or even in defiance of, the teaching Church. The deplorable case of the *Action Française* at once occurs to mind as an extreme example of the sort, and there are sections in Irish life to-day which, in matters of political and economic morality, pay no heed to the voice of the Church. Other cases, notably one in France and one

in Belgium, are worth mentioning, since all good Catholics should unite in condemning lines of policy so directly alien to the Catholic spirit. A journal with the title, *Terre Nouvelle*, and published in Paris, advocates, as representing the true teaching of the Church, friendly and fraternal intercourse with Communists and Bolsheviks, so to advance the interests of Labour. A published interview of its authors with the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, which represents his Eminence as entreating them to save him and to save the Church from the bonds of the Capitalists (!), suggests that the paper itself may perhaps be an impudent piece of Bolshevik propaganda. Similarly, in Belgium, attention is called by our valuable contemporary, *La Cité Chrétienne*, to a periodical called *Rex*, which seems to be the organ of certain Catholics who wish to establish the Kingdom of Christ on their own lines, independently of the guidance of Christ's Pastors. All which symptoms indicate that Catholic Action may have to contend with traitors in the ranks as well as the enemy outside, and stress the wisdom of the Pope's repeated declaration that no form of the Lay Apostolate can be genuinely Catholic unless it works in close harmony with the Episcopate.

Saint Joan of Arc

MAY 30th

O SHEPHERDESS, like David called
 To lead war's flocks in pastures red—
 Meek peasant maid from field and stead
 Whom court won not, nor camp appalled—
 What made thee thus do, dare, endure?
 The Vision God gives to the pure.

Saviour of France, the Saviour's fate
 Was thine,—defeat, the stake, renown!
 Now France's golden lilies crown
 Thy life of love inviolate—
 Love that was gold fire-tried—and thou
 Wearest God's aureole on thy brow!

J.K.

ABBOT CHAPMAN ON PRAYER¹

THAT most lovable, most scholarly, most downright and spontaneous of men, the late Abbot Chapman, has been presented to us by Dom Roger Hudleston as a spiritual guide, in a selection from his letters of spiritual direction. At the same time, Dom Roger has felt compelled to introduce his subject by giving us three warnings. In the first place, he reminds us, Dom Chapman's "sense of humour, fantastic and peculiarly his own, flickered over and illuminated all he said and did even when, as here, he was desperately in earnest." That characteristic must be borne in mind, for it is not always easy to distinguish whether what he said was meant for humour or for simple truth. Secondly, he had an exceptionally clear and rapid mind, which led him occasionally into exaggeration and overstatement; perhaps, it might be inferred, also at times to hasty conclusions as to the meaning of authors he read. Thirdly, he wrote his letters, for the most part, *currente calamo*, amid interruptions and without previous plan, so that the thought that was uppermost in his mind at the moment developed under his pen; a fact to which Dom Chapman himself bears abundant testimony, both in his postscripts and in the way a letter, intended to be short, would grow into a treatise of many pages. Moreover, as a kind of fourth warning, Dom Hudleston reminds us that, with perhaps one exception, each letter here published was written for one eye alone to see, and that eye already trained to interpret aright and understand; this, Dom Roger tells us, "explains why . . . [Dom Chapman] is occasionally less exact in his use of theological terms than he would have been in writing for publication."

It must surely be confessed that these are somewhat disconcerting warnings to one who takes up a book intended for spiritual guidance. When we come across emphatic statements—and Dom Chapman is nothing if not positive and decided—we cannot always be quite sure whether the author means exactly what he seems to say; or rather, since ours was not the eye for which the letters were intended, whether we

¹ "The Spiritual Letters of Dom John Chapman, Fourth Abbot of Downside." Edited with an Introductory Memoir by Dom Roger Hudleston, O.S.B. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. xiv, 330. Price, 8s. 6d.

have interpreted him aright. Dom Roger himself seems to realize this when, in his introduction, he alludes in general to the Abbot's teaching; or again when, in his short memoir at the beginning, he emphasizes certain features of Abbot Chapman's early education, which may have tended to make him somewhat irresponsible in what he said. Had he been differently trained, Dom Roger writes, "Dom John would probably have emerged no less brilliant or original, but more tolerant of stupidity, more patient with those who could not keep pace with his rapidity of thought and argument, and without the tendency to overstress some notes of his personality, which jarred at times, and led some to judge him unfairly."

Accordingly, a reader of these letters who has been thus forewarned, will be prepared to interpret benignly much that may at first appear to him strange. For instance, when he is told that Dom Chapman's "two favourite maxims on the subject [of prayer] were these: First, 'Pray as you can, and don't try to pray as you can't!' and secondly, 'The less you pray, the worse it goes' " (p. 25), he will realize that these are prudent aphorisms, not strictly to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. The first does not mean that he who would advance in prayer must not "try" what others set before him; if that were so, then much that Dom Chapman himself teaches must be set aside, for certainly it will be new to many. And as for the second, confirmed as it is by a still stronger axiom: "The way to pray well is to pray much," the reader must bear in mind the seemingly contrary doctrine, of both St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, who warn us against wearying the soul by over-praying. "Pray as you can," yes; "don't try to pray as you can't"? Well, the very hunger of the soul, of which the Abbot beautifully speaks in several places as the secret of all prayer, will often make it reach out to the impossible, and try to do what it cannot, in the hope, not always in vain, that it may reach a step closer to the infinite. "The way to pray well is to pray much"? Yes, in the sense that the soul devoted to prayer will learn, in the words of St. Paul, to "pray without ceasing"; but not in the sense that it should multiply prayers beyond the attraction of the Holy Spirit.

Still, even when we have been so put on our guard, and when we do all we can to interpret Dom Chapman aright, we have to confess that our uneasiness is not wholly allayed;

there are many statements in the book which make us wonder. For example, after all that the Popes, Pius X, and our present Holy Father, have said about fostering and encouraging vocations to the priesthood and to religious life, what will spiritual directors make of the statement :

I hold that the rule to be followed is this : "I am not meant to be a Religious, unless God *forces* me into it."

In other words, if a man feels "I must," then it is a true vocation, and not otherwise (p. 34).

Surely this excess of caution regarding the state of perfection does not seem to go well with the call of Him who told us that His yoke was sweet and His burden light. Nor with the teaching of many, St. Benedict, St. Gregory, St. Bernard, St. Thomas, who have spoken so attractively of the happiness of religious life.

Or what, again, will our theologians make of the statement that "moral theology seldom answers any difficult question" (p. 105)? Or that : "On the whole, *all* the theologians [the italics are the Abbot's own], Jesuits and Dominicans, are inclined to look upon 'Mysticism' as some freak on God's part" (p. 71)? Or when he sums up all Dominican teaching in the words : "Dominicans always appeal to the gifts of the Holy Ghost" (p. 69), we wonder whether the Dominican Fathers will entirely agree. Or when he describes (p. 233) Cardinal de Lugo's treatise "*De Eucharistia*" as a "*nasty* book" [the italics are again the Abbot's own], what are we to think? Candidly, we do not know, and not even the Abbot's later explanation (p. 266) helps us. He tells us that he disagrees with de Lugo's theory about transubstantiation ; still others also disagree without so stigmatizing the book.

Leaving aside an apparent contempt for theologians as such—it is only "apparent," as is seen from the Abbot's fine defence of theology later—and coming to his own special subject, we wonder how many ascetic teachers or spiritual directors will agree with his advice on preparation for prayer. After acknowledging that most spiritual writers recommend such preparation, the Abbot confesses that, generally speaking, he does not see the use of it. "I must say," he writes (pp. 38—39), "that I have never been able to understand why some authors"—only some?—"lay so much stress upon preparation [of meditation or mental prayer, explains the editor], meaning some formal preparation." That he himself had a wonderful gift of concentration is clear, and often he assumed

in others what was natural to himself; but all who have written on prayer, from Origen, Cassian and St. Gregory to St. Teresa and St. Francis de Sales, have told us how the trifles of ordinary life can creep into the prayer of the greatest mystic, and bring a whole hour to naught. Or again, would a spiritual director, would St. John of the Cross or St. Teresa, would the Author Himself of the "Our Father," accept the statement (pp. 65—66): "The *Paternoster* is not 'Christian' except in the sense that it is 'the Lord's Prayer'—it is Natural Religion in its highest form"? We would suggest that the very first word makes it "Christian," that the second word makes it "Christian," that the whole prayer is "Natural Religion in its highest form" only because, as Tertullian said, the soul of man is *naturaliter Christiana*. Natural Religion discloses a Creator, not the Father whom Christ revealed. Many, again, will find it difficult to accept the Abbot's teaching on the difference between mystic and ordinary prayer, in the sense at least that one does not lead to the other; and when he sets St. John of the Cross in opposition to Poulain (p. 279), they will be inclined to suggest that perhaps the Abbot has interpreted St. John according to his own preconception, not according to the mind of "The Ascent of Mount Carmel."

But these things, after all, may be looked on as trifles, or as mere exaggerations characteristic of Dom Chapman; there are other things in these letters which, to an unprepared mind, may seem yet more serious. No one would for a moment even hint at the Abbot's unorthodoxy; and were he here to defend or explain his teaching, he would without a doubt be able to add the qualifications which some of his statements would seem to require. But he is not here, and his readers have no choice but to take what he writes at its face value, allowing for the personal equation of which they have been told. Taken in this sense, we wonder whether all he says can be safely accepted as it stands. For instance, he repeats, in more than one place, that there is a degree of prayer, and apparently a very common one, in which the *Paternoster* becomes unintelligible. "When the will is fixed on God," he says in one letter, "it can't run about after other things, e.g., you know what it is to try and say the *Paternoster* slowly and devoutly, with the result that you can't imagine what it means" (p. 61). Of course, one knows what it is to be so immersed in one idea, the fact of God, for example, as not

to be able to attend to the words of a prayer that the lips or even the heart may be forming. But if the Abbot means more than this, if positively he means that the words of the *Paternoster* cease to have any sense, then we ask in what does this differ from the following formally condemned thesis of Molinos :

To thank God in words and speech is not the part of internal souls which should remain in silence, setting no obstacle to what God is working in them : and the more they resign themselves to God, they feel that they cannot recite the Lord's prayer or *Pater Noster*.¹

Again, in another place, he discusses sleep in prayer. The passage may be quoted in full, as it typically illustrates the Abbot's manner, with its mixture of the humoursome and the serious. To a Canoness Regular of the Lateran he writes (p. 117) : "I have come to the conclusion that one can remain united to God even when one goes to sleep in time of prayer. Don't laugh !" This anyone will allow ; but it is the explanation that is disturbing. He goes on :

I say this, because I think I told you that, when one feels one is going to sleep, it is good to try and *think* some good thoughts, or even reason out something, in order to keep awake. If I said so, I was wrong. I see that it simply stops prayer dead ; so that thinking is more disastrous than sleep ! I mean, quite seriously, that it is best to remain simply united to God's Will (making any acts to fill up the time, that come of themselves, or none at all if none come) and not to mind if one's internal attitude is very much that of *trying* to go to sleep. [The italics are the Abbot's.]

We ask, in what does this differ from the following condemned thesis of Molinos :

Even if sleep comes upon one completely, nevertheless, there is prayer and actual contemplation : because prayer and resignation, resignation and prayer, are the same thing, and as long as resignation lasts so does prayer.²

To take another instance, the Abbot is fond of dwelling

¹ "Verbis et lingua gratias agere Deo, non est pro animabus internis, quae in silentio manere debent, nullum Deo impedimentum apponendo, quod operetur in illis ; et quo magis Deo se resignant, experiuntur, se non posse orationem dominicam seu *Paternoster* recitare" (Denzinger-Bannwart, 1254).

² "Etiam si superveniat somnus et dormiatur, nihilominus fit oratio et contemplatio actualis : quia oratio et resignatio, resignatio et oratio, idem sunt, et dum resignatio perdurat, perdurat et oratio" (Denzinger-Bannwart, 1245).

on prayer as an act of the will, so that at last "thinking" in prayer is a positive distraction. We have just seen his statement, and where it occurs, that "thinking is more disastrous than sleep." But in several other places he recurs to the same. Thus, to "a literary man" he writes (p. 78): "To *think* [italics the Abbot's] deliberately about anything during prayer is obviously a distraction, as it takes the will off its object." And to "an Ursuline Nun," in a letter which, in many ways, is perhaps the most complete in the whole volume:

When we pass on to "Contemplative Prayer" (and we can't help this advance, since meditation becomes always too difficult and unfruitful, and sometimes utterly impossible) we use the *will* almost only; and, as this is the higher part of the soul, we have no *feeling* that we are acting. We seem to be idle, mooning, wasting time. But though we cannot *feel* that we are active, we perceive, when we reflect upon it, that we are really *intensely active*. To *sit and want God intensely*, is obviously an intense act of the will. In order to concentrate on this intense act, we want to stop all other action. Mere bodily action, such as walking about, may impede it a little; but *thinking* impedes it a great deal, or even stops it entirely (p. 179).

The Abbot then asks himself "why" such *thinking* is an impediment to prayer, and he answers:

Of course, because *thinking* is directed by our will; and if we use our *will to think* of certain subjects rather than others, our will is occupied in keeping our mind to the subject; and, therefore, less occupied in loving God (p. 179).

Surely there is here a great fallacy, and the Abbot cannot quite mean what he seems to say. For love, even love of God, can never be a thing in the abstract; love must have a definite object to love, and definite reasons for loving it. The prayerful soul may love God because of His benefits, because of His works, or because He is who He is; it cannot merely love an idea. It may love Jesus Christ who became Man for us, who lived and died for us, whose love is manifested to us in the Blessed Sacrament or in the Sacred Heart; and the more it realizes any of these the greater will be its love. The will is not impeded by the intellect; on the contrary, as the philosophers always tell us, the will follows the

apprehension ; it is the realization of the goodness of God, in whatever form, that alone can generate that "intensely active" love, and that "wanting God intensely," of which the Abbot speaks.

Moreover, if we are to take the Abbot's doctrine as it stands, what are we to think of it in the light of the following condemned theses of Molinos?

18. "He who in prayer uses images, figures, appearances and his own thoughts does not adore God in spirit and truth."
19. "He who loves God in the way reason argues or intellect understands, does not love the true God."
20. "To assert that in prayer one must help oneself by reasoning and thinking, whenever God does not speak to the soul, is mere ignorance."
21. "In prayer one must remain in obscure and all-embracing faith, with repose and forgetfulness of every particular and distinct thought of the attributes of God and the Trinity, and thus abide in God's presence so as to adore and love and serve Him ; but without the production of acts since God takes no pleasure in these."

18. "Qui in oratione utitur imaginibus, figuris, speciebus et propriis conceptibus, non adorat Deum in spiritu et veritate."

19. "Qui amat Deum eo modo, quo ratio argumentatur aut intellectus comprehendit, non amat verum Deum."

20. "Asserere, quod in oratione opus est sibi per discursum auxilium ferre et per cogitationes, quando Deus animam non alloquitur, ignorantia est."

21. "In oratione opus est manere in fide obscura et universali, cum quiete et oblivione cuiuscumque cogitationis particularis ac distinctae attributorum Dei et Trinitatis, et sic in Dei praesentia manere ad illum adorandum et amandum eique inserviendum ; sed absque productione actuum, quia Deus in his sibi non complacet" (Denzinger-Bannwart, 1238—1241).

Once more we would make it clear that in drawing these parallels we would not for a moment insinuate that the Abbot is unorthodox. A careful student may see at once that there is a distinction between the passages quoted from his letters and the theses of Molinos ; if not in the actual words, at least in the spirit that underlies them. But not every reader of the book will have had the requisite training in the language of the mystics to make the distinction ; and therein lies the danger. The ordinary man of prayer will be apt to learn from the Abbot that the longer time he spends in prayer the better he will pray ; that he must not try to pray otherwise than as it suits him ; that if he feels any drawing to religious life or the priesthood he must resist until he is forced ; that moral theology is not of much use after all ; that there is little to

be gained by preparing meditation; that the *Paternoster* becomes unintelligible to one absorbed in prayer; that one may safely go to sleep during prayer if one feels so disposed; that to think during prayer is sheer distraction, interfering with our love of God. All these things the Abbot says almost in so many words; and though for each some explanation may be possible, though for a particular correspondent an overstatement may have served its purpose, still, for the average reader we submit that they are guiding lines which cannot but lead to error.

Nor do we think that they rightly express that broad contemplative spirit which is the beauty and glory of the Benedictine Order. No one who has had the opportunity of studying the Benedictine spirit at close quarters, who has given retreats at Ampleforth, Downside or Ramsgate, at Belmont or Prinknash, can fail to catch its shimmer; it is the same in them all, hanging like a silver cloud above them, distinct in fact as all these institutions are. Benedictine contemplation, like the Benedictine rule, is summed up in the word "Pax"; and peace to the Benedictine is found in the raising to God of His whole self in a single operation, body and mind and soul. The three are not in different compartments, they do not interfere with each other; while he works he prays, while he thinks of God he loves Him. Thought and aspiration are not separate, they are one single act; and the outward and inward peace of body, mind and soul, which is characteristic of the Benedictine, arises precisely, we believe, from this balance, this blending, this union of the faculties of the soul; not from checking one faculty that the other may have the freer play. So one reads the Rule of St. Benedict, so one interprets Louis of Blois, Father Baker, Cisneros, and other Benedictine writers; one sees the same carried to its last results in the sons of St. Bernard and St. Bruno, notably in Ludolph of Saxony, in whose Life of Christ intellect and will are as one.

This Benedictine contemplation, simple and all-absorbing, using mind and heart in perfect union, is admirably illustrated in the letters of Dom Columba Marmion. "Liberty of Spirit," "In Christ Jesus," dwelling on the mystery of the Incarnation with all that flows from it, not separating "meditation" from "prayer" but making them so one that the rest of life, the time that is not strictly "prayer," is caught up and united with it—this is the essence of Abbot Marmion's teaching. When he comes to yet higher union he bids the soul to wait,

to long but not to strain, doing its own part till the Holy Spirit calls it. He, too, knows what it is to be captured by love; but always it is Jesus that is the model, Jesus that the soul keeps before its eyes; mind and even imagination are allowed to work as they will, suffering nothing to separate them from "the love of God which they have in Christ Jesus our Lord." How often Abbot Marmion came back to this in his letters! The very titles of his books: "Christ the Life of the Soul," etc., are eloquent of his attitude in prayer.

Nor, again, are the spirit of Benedict and the spirit of Ignatius Loyola very far apart; what the latter owes to the former is immeasurable. It was Ludolph's "Life" that first turned the heart of the soldier of Pampeluna, and when he decided to begin his life anew, it was not mere chance that directed his steps to the Benedictine monastery of Montserrat. He chose a Benedictine for his confessor, and made to him his general confession, lasting over three days; in a Benedictine chapel he hung up his sword, and performed his memorable all-night vigil. Almost certainly he got his first inspiration for the Spiritual Exercises from a Benedictine work; when, long years later, he wrote his famous letter on Obedience, he chose as a model "Maurus, sancti Benedicti discipulus," and described his idea of obedience in almost the very words of St. Benedict himself. To be as like to Christ as he could be and to make others as like to Christ as he could make them, and this by the weapon of love, was the beginning and end of the spirituality of St. Ignatius; one may ask how this differed from the ideal which St. Benedict set before his monks.

It is noticeable that throughout this collection of his letters Abbot Chapman shows a special predilection for Caussade. Now Caussade was a Jesuit writer, who lived at a time when spiritual controversy was running high, when Quietism was threatening spiritual growth as Modernism threatened it thirty years ago; and it was the special virtue of that writer that he brought order where reconciliation seemed impossible. There is no heresy which does not contain an element of truth; and Caussade seized on and purified the truth that lay beneath Quietism, the doctrine of Divine Abandonment. But, from the nature of the case, it is possible to read into Caussade's teaching the very thing which he endeavoured to eliminate; indeed that may have been the reason why, if we are not mistaken, his book was first published anonymously, though with ecclesiastical sanction. We do not say that this

is what Abbot Chapman has done, all the more as he values Caussade's Letters above his formal treatise; but is it not possible that for a less trained mind, he has opened the way for such a misinterpretation?

Lastly, we would suggest that the Contemplative Prayer taught by the Abbot, even taken at its best, is but one form of prayer among many; contemplative prayer which rules out contemplation, and this his explanation seems explicitly to do, cannot be the only prayer even of the most sublime kind. In such prayer, where is there room for the prayer of him who "was caught up into paradise and heard secret words which it is not granted to man to utter"? Or of him who "almost touched" divinity while discussing the sublimity of God with his mother? Or of St. Francis whose contemplation of Jesus crucified brought the marks of the wounds upon his body? Or of St. Thomas, whose prayer expresses itself always in theology, as in the "Lauda Sion" or the "Adoro te devote"? *Adoro te*; adoration is the highest form of prayer; it is the prayer of heaven for all eternity; and adoration, as St. Thomas shows us, without the full use of the intellect is impossible. Or where shall we place the prayer of those, saints of the highest mystic experience, whose prayer begins and ends in the personality of Christ their Lord?—St. Catherine of Siena, who bids us to "drown ourselves in the blood of Christ," and whose ejaculation in ecstasy was, "The blood! The blood!" St. Catherine de Ricci, St. Catherine of Genoa; Blessed Angela of Foligno, Blessed Juliana of Norwich; St. Margaret Mary, and men like Joseph of Cupertino, and Peter Faber, who walked through life in the company of the angels. In one place the Abbot is troubled that St. John of the Cross seems to make too much of such imagery, and he saves himself by discovering that the passage is suspect to the critics; in another he surrenders St. Teresa for St. Gertrude, which surprises us, since the prayer of St. Gertrude teems with imagery. Or what would he do with souls of prayer, not uncommon in every generation, whose union with Christ our Lord is the life of their life, and whose prayer is wholly engaged with its realization, with the whole mind and soul filled with its presence, so that the will automatically responds? Take, for instance, the following letter. It is written by a person in the world who has been quite blind for some years, and of late has been going stone deaf, yet who is treasured by those who have the care of her, and who contrives, in spite of her blindness, to be constantly

of service to others. She has her experiences in prayer; she writes looking for guidance; had she applied to him, we trust the Abbot would not have said that her thoughts were all distractions, and that her prayer was on the wrong lines.

For months [she writes] now our dear Lord's Passion has been scarcely out of my thoughts during my waking moments. It makes me very sad, but it has nothing in it of depression or gloom. There is within me, as well as this sadness, a kind of deep joy; I feel calm, and though my own trials are many just now, the old stormy feeling has gone. . .

For weeks now I seem to live for several hours together on some days as though I was in a kind of dream. My work goes on as usual; no one, thank God, notices anything but I seem half conscious. I know I am doing my duties, but they seem to be done mechanically without my thinking about them. In this state, or whatever it is, my mind seems occupied with the various scenes of the Passion; sometimes only the bodily sufferings of Our Lord occupy me, and sometimes it is His mental Passion; then at other times it is Our Lady's sorrow. Yet I do not seem to meditate in the ordinary way; I mean I never fix my mind on any of these scenes in the ordinary way. They simply seem to be put there. But their effect is terrible. O Father, I know it is a kind of extravagance, but they make me feel as though I would gladly suffer any penance; indeed, I do feel that some bodily penance would be a kind of relief, and oh! how I long for souls, yet how futile is my longing! For what am I but just nothing? That is another great grace I have had, to know my nothingness; and yet it is a kind of consolation, for since I am nothing, God will condescend the more to me.

And more to the same effect. We would suggest that such prayer is contemplation of a very high order, yet is it built upon thought and feeling, just those things which the prayer we have been considering would rule out as distractions, and as hindrances "more disastrous than sleep." Or have we misunderstood the whole point of the teaching of these letters? If so, we sincerely regret it; yet how many more readers will there surely be who will interpret them in the same sense as ourselves!

✠ ALBAN GOODIER.

GALLICANISM *VERSUS* CATHOLICISM

A STRICT application of the word "Gallican" should confine it to a particular ecclesiastical rite; but then, as has often happened before now, the original sense of the term has been extended, and perhaps—and this, too, has happened before now—with no great propriety, so that at the present time, and for many years past, the word has a meaning other than rite.

It may be well at this conjuncture to make plain in brief fashion the genesis of this expression.

The principle of ecclesiastical polity that rite follows patriarchate was not observed in the West in early times; for had such been the case in this particular instance it is plain that the Holy See had been spared much effort and many pains, in order to persuade the West to adopt the Latin rite, and thus to conform to the rule set forth above.

It was about the eighth century of our era that the Latin rite, originally restricted to Rome, began to spread through Western Christendom; but in the course of this period of gradual expansion it encountered on the road other Christian rites, the most considerable of which was the Gallican. The Gallican rite, as the name implies, arose in Gaul; at least, it is commonly reckoned proper to that country; and from thence it spread in course of time to other lands, to the Pictish, that is, the British, Isles, for instance, where it was long used, and is known to students as the Celtic rite.

It is not proposed to follow farther here the story of the fortunes in the West of the Gallican rite. Let it, therefore, suffice to say that, in course of time, it was superseded throughout this area by the Latin; but the Ambrosian rite at Milan, and the Mozarabic at Toledo, remain to witness its former vogue.

The New Testament shows us the first Christianity as existing in the form of a number of national, or at least local, Churches; and to these St. Paul and the early Doctors of the Church refer on occasions in their writings.

In the year 325 of our era, the Pope's legate at Nicaea signed the acts then and there transacted, in name of the Church of Rome, and in name, too, of the Churches of Italy, Spain, and "All the West"; and it may well be that "an-

cient custom," as the Church knew and practised it, survives in spirit in the form of the official designation of the Church, which, as everyone knows, is declared "Catholic" as well as "Roman." Further, the fact that the present organization and governance of the Church is partly effected through the channel of a number of National Hierarchies, gives strong colour to the same notion. The habit of modern Catholics is to speak of the Church *in* such and such a land, and to restrict themselves to that mode; but there is really no good reason why the old Catholic practice of naming the different Churches individually, according to nation, should not coexist at least.

How late precisely the institution of the national church, within the bounds of communion with Rome, persisted is hard to determine. Shadows are indeterminate, and history abounds in them; and, besides, the conventions of speech are very apt to survive important religious and political change; but that national Churches were in some sort yet in being in the West in early medieval times, this, I suppose, might be established with no great trouble. In any event, it should seem that, having regard to origins, the principle of Gallicanism was in some sort laid when the first national or local Churches of Christendom arose.

It has ever seemed odd to the present writer that some who write of these early times and passages of history with an air of authority, and some who speak and lay down law about them, without apparently having troubled themselves to read the error which the others have written, should be as little careful as they are to distinguish between the two grand types or forms of nationalism, that is to say, early or tribal "nationalism," and the later feudal or geographical species. The second was a consequence of the feudal system, from whose loins sprang in the West a race of "consolidating" kings who aimed, more or less consciously and uninterruptedly, at absolute power; whereas the first was an expression of the collective social sense of the community in tribal form, and thus had little, if anything, to do with kings as such, or yet with countries and nations. For instance, the organization of the Celtic Churches was strictly tribal by nature: there were no dioceses; the religious head of the locality was the ruler of the monastery that appertained to it; in each was a bishop or bishops, whose office was to ordain into the priesthood such as aspired to it and were thought worthy of receiving so great an honour; but the "Ordinary," as it were, of the monastery

was the Abbot of it, who was chosen by his *muinntir* or family primarily because he was of "Founder's Kin." Thus the whole ecclesiastical polity was of the tribal order, just as outside its bounds the civil polity was the same, "local patriotism," as it were, being everything, but feudal or geographical nationalism, on the other hand, quite unknown.

I repeat, then, that it is odd that books, such as Scott's "Pictish Church," MacGregor's "Sources," and (to cite a recent instance), the history of the Protestant Church in Ireland, which a group of scholars of that nation and religious creed is now publishing, should fail to observe, and give due weight to in their pages, the very important distinction glanced at above. In the opinion of these writers and their like, each successive increase of the Papal power, prestige, and authority in the West, each successive endeavour on the part of the Holy See to unify Christendom, to co-ordinate and determine ecclesiastical custom and practice within it, appears as usurpation, an unjust interference with the rights of nations; and the Celts who accepted these different religious reforms, and, being persuaded as to the truth and reasonableness of them, sought to bring the rest of their race to the same way of thinking, these, I say, the writers glanced at chase through their pages, much as a numbered "Public Enemy" is chased by the police through the towns and backwoods of a modern transatlantic State. Patriotism, which is prone to error, was surely never more blind, more hopelessly awry than when in spirit it moved these writers to confound tribal sentiment with modern patriotism, to put the blame of their own ignorance and carelessness in this respect on parties who had no knowledge or understanding whatever of the latter, its aims, its ethics, and emotions.

But with the rise and accession to power of heads of States such as Louis XI of France, James I of Scotland, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and perhaps Henry VII of England, it happened that a new turn, a new force, and a fresh direction were given to Nationalism in the West. The old "Nationalism," whose motto had been "Tribe and Kinship!" was now superseded by the new, whose slogan was "King and Country!" The change spoken of came about as slowly as changes of moment in general are apt to occur. The first had begun to "fade, recede, and sink" towards the close of the medieval period; but then the momentum of its decline increased in proportion as the king gained power, and accord-

ing as he used this power to "consolidate" his dominions, that is, to depose the tribes from rule. The feudal system declared the sovereign heir ultimate in respect of all the lands of his realm; and on this theory the jurists of those times came to erect yet another, namely, that the king was legal proprietor of his realm, and consequently might do with it as he was free to do with the jewels in his chests or the horses in his stables, since (they declared) he was as much the legal owner of one as he was so of the other. Thus it happened that in course of time the king became paramount in the State, lord and master of all, where formerly he had been but the elected representative, and, in some sort, even the servant, of his people; and thus it happened, too, that the old tribal organization, and the whole Kinship feeling sank in "King and Country," and nationalism and patriotism, as we of to-day know them both, arose.

Students of European history are well aware that the sixteenth century was a period of much intellectual ferment, of busy inquiry and eager speculation touching the whole business and art of government; and particularly was this the case in the West. The rulers in that part of Europe had long been groping towards absolute power; and groping, in some instances, not without success, when an event occurred which not only greatly accelerated the movement mentioned, but also smoothed its path considerably: I mean, of course, the Protestant revolt from Rome. In England, in particular, the religious change-over from Peter and the Rock to Luther and his pulpit, was soon followed by the appearance of a king who claimed to rule his subjects' souls as absolutely as he ruled their bodies; and in the West generally it is true to say that a principal effect of the Protestant Reformation was greatly to increase the royal power, no matter whether the crown were on a Catholic or on a Protestant head. In France, the growth of power spoken of was popular; for the people in general believed that none save an absolute king might now hope with reason to bring order out of the chaos that prevailed in that country, in consequence of the religious disputes which then afflicted it; and, in other kingdoms of the West also, princes, jurists and ministers, taking advantage of the troubles of the times, conspired together to blow up the coal of the royal prerogative and power.

It is sometimes said, and said well enough on occasions no doubt, that we should be careful not to judge other ages by

the ethical standards of our own. The admonition seems to imply that these modern standards are all ways superior to such as prevailed formerly, which, considered as maxim, seems very doubtful truth. However that may be, sure it is that to defend with success those Catholic princes of the Reformation era who joined their arms from time to time to those of Protestants, and otherwise acted public parts little consonant with the interests of the Faith they professed, and their duty to the Holy See, would be hard doing, and that, whether we judge the conduct of these men by means of new standards or old. One of the greater paradoxes of our European history consists in the simultaneous appearance of these intriguing and unprincipled rulers and the great religious crisis of the sixteenth century. Acting in concert, they might well have stayed, or even suppressed, the latter altogether, yet in the event, they did neither; hence the paradox. Still, hardly shall paradox appear—whether in history or ordinary experience—that has not to it a vulnerable spot, that is to say, a point or nucleus of easy interpretation somewhere about it; and such it has, I imagine, in this particular case at least. In fine, the Catholic princes, guilty of the conduct complained of, acted the part they did because what they had most at heart at the time was, not the welfare of Catholic religion in the West, but their own aggrandizement—the civil cause of royal prerogative and kingly power.

I have observed already that the first Gallicanism was a matter of religious rite; but it is possible that the seeds of the second lay in some sort in the other. The Celts were used to explain, and in explaining to excuse, the differences between some religious observance among them and the common practice of the rest of Christendom, by the remoteness of their situation from the Holy See, the difficulty of easy access thereto which they were under, and lastly by that old familiar cause of inactivity in cases wherein conduct of a very different sort was needed, "the troubles of the times." It may well be, therefore, that, if the Holy See had failed to enforce in the West generally that rule of polity of the Church which declares that rite ever follows patriarchate, in course of time grave divisions in the Western Catholic world had followed. Be that matter as it may, it is plain that there is a sort of sorry fitness discernible in the fact that when, centuries later, modern Gallicanism arose, it took its rise in that same country from which the earlier sort had issued.

A sovereign who pretends to absolute power in the State must needs take into the activities of his rule the religion, as well as the whole civil life, of his subjects; since unless his absolutism be all-embracing, hardly is it such indeed. There is an old Latin maxim which says in effect that the religion of the people should be that of the king. In the French case, the king and the majority of his subjects professed Catholicism; and thus the conformation to the maxim glanced at was near perfect. Neither wished to break, as the Protestants had broken, with the Holy See; but, on the other hand, because the French kings and a party among the native clergy desired—the first because of their absolutist notions, and the second mainly because the king's mind lay that way—more freedom, and less "interference" on the part of Rome in France, so it happened that the second Gallicanism arose, and so it happened, too, that a subtle drift towards dissension in the religious province was at the same time set in motion in the Catholic West.

That what is affirmed immediately above is neither idle theory nor mere conjecture on the present writer's part, is proved *inter alia*, I think, by the Concordat made at Bologna in the year 1515. The instrument named marks, as it seems to me, the true "official" beginning of the second Gallicanism in France; but let us hear what a modern Protestant writer, Professor A. J. Grant, has to say, in a recent work, touching some at least of the ill effects that followed the unhappy treaty mentioned.

Henceforth [he says] the kings appointed the great ecclesiastics, and thus were able, like the Kings of England later, to "tune the pulpits." They had also a very large power over the disposal of Church funds, and used them unscrupulously for their own personal and political ends. Thus, on the eve of the Reformation, the Church in France was, to a very large extent, a national and royal Church. . . . The significance of the Concordat of Bologna for the coming age is that the Church in France was henceforward no longer a rival but an ally, and almost a servant, of the kings of France. Nearly everywhere in Europe where Protestantism was victorious, it owed much of its triumph to an alliance with nationalism. But of such an alliance there was no likelihood in France; for the wealth and influence of the Roman Church were already at the disposal of the crown.

On this occasion, it is not proposed to touch more than the first beginnings of the second Gallicanism in France; whilst to describe its effects in that country, and in some others of the West, to which it was carried in course of time, would need a whole book to itself, and learning, industry and talent commensurate with so great and arduous an undertaking. With regard, however, to the latter matter, it would appear that though, like the first, the second Gallicanism spread to Britain, yet that in these isles at least it never got the grip which, owing to the circumstances in which it arose, it had, and long retained, and perhaps yet retains, in very diminished force, in France.

If one were obsessed with the phenomenon of change, even as the Greek philosopher Heraclitus was ridden by the idea of it all through his scholastic life, I suppose he would ascribe the rise of Hitlerism in Germany, as that of other modern dictatorships in Europe, to some great violent impulse on the part of the Heraclitan all-pervading, never-ending, but impalpable power; but the ordinary student of the political history of Europe is far more likely to conclude, I imagine, that the "Totalitarian State," and its facsimiles among us, are but the old royal feudal absolutism in disguise, though hardly in any very marked disguise. For surely it makes no difference to absolutism *per se*, and can make none to such as are unfortunate enough to be compelled to pass beneath its yoke, whether it wears a crown or not, whether it has one head or more, wears knee-breeches or trousers, is solitary or social in its ways and habits. Like the first, the second is all-embracing in its absolutism; and the new is just as much a danger to religion as was the old; because it also is all-embracing by nature, and, therefore, to be true to itself, must needs be so in all its activities.

RUARAI DH ERSKINE OF MARR.

Our Martyrs

PEACE, honour, fame, and then—the axe's edge!
 Was not life's lasting worth well-stressed thereby?
 And yet their witness, crowned by God's own pledge,
 Proves no man truly happy ere he die!

P.J.H.

THE LAY APOSTOLATE IN U.S.A.

CATHOLIC Action, in the particular form of expounding the Faith to non-Catholics, has always had abundant scope amongst the teeming population of the United States, but has never been so vigorously undertaken as during the last decades, when the means of propaganda have so greatly multiplied. Some aspects of this Apostolate, as conducted by Catholic layfolk, may be here rehearsed as a record of achievement and a stimulus to greater effort.

One of the most extraordinary and momentous works done by laymen in the United States has been that of the Catholic Layman's Association of Georgia. Just eighteen short years ago, the State of Georgia had the distinction of being the most anti-Catholic State of the Union. So far had things gone that the legislative body of that State, under the guidance of the most talented bigot in the country, enacted a "Convent Inspection Bill." The Catholics in Georgia then numbered, and still number, little more than one to every 150 non-Catholics.

Like David, this little band—under 20,000 in a population of 3 million—were not daunted by their Goliath, but asked their bishop, the late Dr. Benjamin Keiley, to summon representatives of the Catholic laity so as to devise some plan for protecting the position of Catholics. These representatives knew the non-Catholics of Georgia as their neighbours, honest men and women, ready to respond to a knowledge of the facts. They knew that anti-Catholicism was created, in most cases, by ignorance of the truth, and they determined to destroy that ignorance by starting a campaign of enlightenment. It was a desperate enterprise to all seeming—one against 150! The households of the latter were flooded with anti-Catholic literature, and newspapers, daily and weekly, as well as the religious leaders of the sects, preached a doctrine of hatred of Catholics and all things "popish" in the name of the Prince of Peace!

There was no precedent for the work which the Catholic Layman's Association was about to launch in their State. But they started well. They opened a publicity bureau which be-

gan issuing "A Plea for Peace." Tens of thousands of these pamphlets brought the message to editors, public officials, educators, professional men, business men, representative men and women in every department of life. "We have no axe to grind," it said, "no scores to settle, no new principles to teach; we have absolutely no interest not common to all good citizens." Catholics and Protestants were in Georgia to stay; Catholics and Protestants must live together as neighbours; shall it not be as friends? This was the burden of the Plea for Peace. In short, the object of the Layman's Association was "to bring about a friendlier feeling among Georgians irrespective of Creed."

The Association has been active in numerous ways. It launched the first retreat movement in the South Atlantic States; placed the Catholic Encyclopædia in universities, colleges and public libraries; distributed thousands of copies of Catholic books to interested non-Catholics; brought distinguished Catholic lay leaders of the nation to Georgia to address Georgia audiences; arranged radio addresses and co-operated with Catholic radio programmes; influenced public officials, ministers, professors and radio stations to cease attacks on the Catholic Church—these are only a few of the multiple efforts of the Layman's Association of Georgia. There is no diocesan movement which does not have the endorsement and the whole-hearted support of the Association, and the local branches aid also in local Catholic charities.

When the Association started its work more than fifteen years ago, it was necessary to write as many as one hundred letters per week to the Georgia newspapers; the average now to the two hundred newspapers in the State is less than two per month! All of these activities have brought about a great change in the State, a change which a Protestant Justice in a Supreme Court of Georgia asserted was due primarily to the non-political work of the Catholic Layman's Association, a work which provoked one of the leading newspapers of the State to say of *The Bulletin*, the official publication of the Association, "it deserved the Pulitzer prize."¹

The Catholic Layman's Association of Georgia has done its splendid work in a comparatively limited sphere. The next lay enterprise to be mentioned—that achieved for Catholic culture by the "Calvert Associates"—has a nation-wide

¹ Awarded annually, from a fund established by Joseph Pulitzer, Editor of the *New York World*, for the best journalistic work of the year.

scope. This Association was born of a central idea that was occupying many minds in different places and projecting many plans for expression and development, until, by the persistent efforts of some of those on whom it had seized, representatives of various groups were brought together to work out a way of giving it concrete and permanent force. The idea, succinctly stated, was this wise: How can Catholic thought, the Catholic outlook on life and the Catholic philosophy of living, as distinct from what might be termed the individual Catholic's religious experience, be brought home to the public mind of the States, which through an historic combination of circumstances, was wholly out of touch with Catholicism? Mr. Michael Williams, a distinguished convert, had long noted the prevailing ignorance of his generation concerning the vast treasures of traditional Catholic culture, and could not rest till he had tried to dispel it. By dint of correspondence with numerous other pioneers in Catholic lay action, and with the encouragement of some of the American Cardinals and members of the hierarchy, he arranged a meeting in New York, in 1922, which inaugurated the "Calvert Associates," and resolved to publish a weekly periodical which should be expressive of the Catholic note in literature, the arts, industry, and social life.

In taking the name of George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland, and the first man of note to preach and practise respect for sincere religious convictions, those who had set their hands to the plough saw at once that more than one furrow must be run. The name was an inspiration. It demanded something beyond the publication of a review. Everywhere there must be branches of the Associates, with gatherings from time to time to perpetuate the ideals of Calvert, to stimulate better understanding among all classes, and to foster devotion to a land in which liberty of conscience and love for truth should ever flourish. The aim of these branches should be to unfold, in various sections of the nation, the whole historical background of Catholicity in the United States, the land of sanctuary for all oppressed creeds.

The first weekly issue of *The Commonwealth* made its appearance on November 12, 1924. Its general format was attractive and its contents from the beginning struck a new note. Since *Brownson's Quarterly*, no lay Catholic magazine took at once such a high level. The subjects of special articles, as well as the topics treated editorially, were meant

to appeal to the cultivated intellect, both Catholic and non-Catholic. They were not only timely, but they dealt with the deeper aspects of questions which had been ignored or barely touched upon by other journals. Yet the treatment was not academic or "high-brow," but essentially practical. It so exhibited the courtesies of debate that before long the large metropolitan dailies began to quote from *The Commonweal*. The *New Times* remarked editorially: "The usual bitterness of theological controversy is missing, and with appreciable success it has endeavoured to interest as well as to edify its readers."

The Commonweal, after weathering not without difficulty the universal economic crisis, has seen its circle of readers enlarge to all the States of the Union, and to many foreign countries as well. It has served to draw together many who found that the ideal which inspired it was part of their own mentality. It has done notable work in showing that in the Catholic Faith is contained the solution of many social problems, and that in Catholic truth both mind and heart can discover abundant satisfaction.

Before the first issue of *The Commonweal* appeared, Calvert Clubs were organized, which discussed orally the matters of which the paper wrote. The Worcester and Chicago groups have held frequent meetings and open discussions which have been of great value in perpetuating the Calvert idea of sound culture. Annual celebrations have been held, on or near March 25th, the anniversary of the founding of Maryland, in which the great principles of the Maryland colonists have been emphasized; the most remarkable being one in New York Town Hall some years ago. The Calvert idea is capable of unlimited expansion, for it envisages not merely the characteristic broad-mindedness of the early Catholic colonists, but also what the stirring history of the South-west and the settlements of the Mississippi Valley have to tell of Catholic contributions to a free and understanding America. It has also found vent in the issue of a large yet still incomplete series of "apologetic" monographs dealing with various aspects of the Faith.

We now come to a discussion of the actual preaching of the truths about the Catholic Church to our non-Catholic people; that very important and effective work which the Catholic world has come to know as the Catholic Evidence Guild campaign, and which, though it primarily concerns

the clergy, has provided ample opportunity for lay co-operation.

One of the early pioneers in street preaching in the United States was the present leader of the Apostolate for Tolerance, the Reverend Francis J. Ledwig.

The Apostolate for Tolerance in Texas and the South-west was really first conceived in the mind of this priest when a student in the seminary, long before he was advanced to the sacred ministry. He had always felt that there was a great and crying need for positive Catholic Action here in the United States, especially in his own native South-west. His dream was partially realized in October, 1911, when, as a subdeacon and with the permission of his religious superiors, he opened his campaign for tolerance at Ramsey, Louisiana. His first series of lectures was given to coloured people of that vicinity and were held out in the open on the street corners.

Through the final years of his studies, he kept this high ideal in mind and, in 1913, after ordination, he opened his first series of open-air lectures to non-Catholics in Karnes City, Texas. After the War, during which he served in the Chaplains' Corps of the U.S. Navy, he returned to his non-Catholic mission work, formally commissioned by his diocesan, Archbishop Drossaerts of Antonio. The rising powers of the Ku-Klux-Klan in the South-west intensified the need and, for more than four years, he travelled up and down the State of Texas and throughout the South-west preaching the rights of conscience, expounding the doctrines of the Catholic Church and clearing away doubts in the minds of his listeners. Other zealous clerical helpers joined him. Bigotry was at its height, and sometimes the speakers were accorded hostile treatment by the communities which they addressed. During these four years, Father Ledwig and his associates delivered more than twelve hundred open-air addresses—at street corners, in court-houses and school-houses, or in any place where they could get a hearing. They were often challenged to debate by opponents. Among the most famous of these debates was one held at Yoakum, Texas, with a high official of the Ku-Klux-Klan itself. On this particular evening, the greater part of the audience had come to laugh Father Ledwig to scorn, but they remained silent for hours listening to his apt and often witty replies to the stock objections levelled against the Catholic Church. So effective were his courteous methods and sound arguments that, before the

audience dispersed, the Klan official candidly admitted that all his difficulties had been satisfactorily answered.

In June, 1933, Dr. Ledwig conceived the idea of joining with him laymen to take up this work, and the present writer, with other layfolk, became his associates. Under the auspices of the Catholic Missionary Union, Washington, D.C., they began anew the campaign for tolerance in the archdiocese of San Antonio at Pearsall, Texas. During the twenty weeks of that campaign of lectures, numerous converts found their way into the Catholic Church and many hundreds who had fallen away from the Faith returned to the practice of their religion. A like campaign in the diocese of Amarillo, Texas, followed, at the express invitation of the Most Reverend Robert E. Lucey, D.D., where a series of fifteen missions were held, after the fashion which experience has shown to be the best. Briefly it is this. With the local pastor's permission, announcements are made beforehand, through the Press and from the pulpit, by handbills and posters, that "Explanatory Lectures on the Catholic Church" will be given for seven consecutive evenings, indoors or in the open according to weather conditions. Mention, too, is made of the "Question Box," into which queries may be placed bearing on the lecture-subjects, for reply during the course. One shrewdly suspects that not only non-Catholics, but poorly instructed members of the Church also make use of this means to satisfy their doubts and difficulties. Anyhow, the mists of prejudice, which obscure the attractive outlines of the City set upon the Hill, are for many effectively dispersed during these lectures, and people realize that what they have hated and opposed was not Catholicism but some grotesque caricature of the Faith.

Texas is the largest State in the Union, more than five times the size of New York, and its religious population is largely Baptist and Methodist. It will thus be seen that Father Ledwig and his associates have an ample field for their charitable work of enlightenment. He has now been at work for twenty-three years and has official record of more than 300 converts, besides the recovery of about 1,500 lapsed Catholics. There must, of course, be many of both classes unknown to him.¹

To pass to still more recent times. The year 1934 witnessed

¹ For a fuller account of Father Ledwig's achievement see an article in *The Sign* for March, by the present writer.

another promising attempt to break down religious prejudice in the States, for then was formed "The National Conference of Jews and Christians." Under its sponsorship, perhaps for the first time on record, a Catholic Priest, a Rabbi of the synagogue and a Protestant minister united their efforts to abate religious hostility. Father John Elliot Ross, Rabbi Morris S. Lazaron and Reverend Everett R. Clinchy, a Presbyterian minister, embarked, in that year, on a coast-to-coast tour to promote better understanding among Catholics, Jews and Protestants. Thoroughly convinced that these three groups share common fundamental interests in Western civilization and that intolerance, bred of inherited prejudices and misunderstandings, prevents a combined resistance to forces that are inimical to civilized ideals, they traversed twenty-four States in their campaign, and held lectures in great public meeting-halls as well as on the campuses of universities. Besides these public meetings, seminars and conferences were held, being informal meetings of Catholics, Jews and Protestants, to deal with problems of common concern to those who took part. Those who attended came as individuals desirous to work for the improvement of the community and not as representatives of any religious organizations. These seminars were either large or small but, where more than one hundred people assembled, they were usually divided into a number of "round tables" so as to give everyone a chance to take a personal part.

Although no specific proposals or recommendations result or are meant to result from these meetings, they afford an excellent occasion for study and exchange of experiences which cannot fail to benefit those who have hitherto had no access to the clear and sound and well-tested Catholic traditions and, therefore, no idea of its efficacy in remedying modern evils. The Catholic view, at least, gets a hearing, otherwise denied to it. As it coincides with the spirit of Christianity which itself is a fulfilment of the old Law, it should, when understood, lead to more thorough agreement regarding the means of combating the moral and intellectual anarchy of the day. Anyhow, it is left for the individual participant in these discussions to exercise his own good judgment in the application, in his own particular sphere of influence, of what had been learned and agreed upon in the seminar. Conducted by men peculiarly fitted through their previous experience in universities and amongst non-student

groups, this tour created a great deal of interest in religion in general and, although participation in it exposed Catholics to the danger of being thought to compromise their unique and exclusive position, that risk was avoided by the frank recognition by the three parties that their several dogmatic standpoints would never be questioned or criticized.

Lack of space will not permit a fuller discussion of all the forms of the lay Apostolate in evidence in the United States—branches of the Catholic Evidence Guild and of the Catholic Truth Society, the League for Social Justice, the anti-Socialist campaign, the various activities of the Knights of Columbus, etc.—which all contribute to the spread of the Faith. These movements, as we have said, are comparatively modern in their development. They are auxiliary to the main work of evangelization done by the hierarchy and clergy, by the various Religious Orders engaged in social enterprises, by university, college and school, but they are essential for the complete expression of the Catholic religion. There should be, as has been often said, no mere passengers in Peter's Barque. All should contribute according to their abilities to the progress of the Vessel. Faith is its compass, but Charity is its motive power. And Charity is best proved by zeal for our neighbour's spiritual welfare. The great obstacle to mutual tolerance and understanding is ignorance. Accordingly, all these organizations keep before them the high ideal of being in their measure "the light of the world." Such charity, like mercy "blesses him that gives and him that takes," for the real inspiration of all these religious enterprises is the salient fact that by helping to save others we save ourselves. The Divine Shepherd wants but one Fold, and we must pay for the privilege of belonging to it ourselves by trying to make it all-embracing.

JOHN J. NEVILLE GORRELL, K.H.S.

[NOTE.—We have lately heard of another local organization, similar in scope to the "Catholic Layman's Association of Georgia," called the "Catholic Literary League," the Headquarters of which are in Parkersburg, West Virginia.]

MR. E. I. WATKIN, PHILOSOPHER¹

I hang 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread:
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap, but after the reaper
The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper.

Francis Thompson.

ON an eloquent page of "De Profundis" Oscar Wilde contrasted the Greek view of the world with that of our cultured moderns, and what he said about its reflection in art he might with equal justice have said about its reflection in philosophy. "Our art," he wrote, "is of the moon and plays with shadows, while Greek art is of the sun and deals directly with things," and a man who has read in Greek philosophy feels that to no small degree a modern philosopher smells somehow of pen-and-ink, is subtly academic, self-consciously intellectual.

Mr. E. I. Watkin's new book "A Philosophy of Form," while not free from that atmosphere of the donnish study, is yet, for all its abstruseness, instinct with a feeling for life. Indeed it is for a re-orientation of life by means of "contemplation" that Mr. Watkin is pleading. "With desolation is all the land made desolate," cried Jeremias, "because there is none who contemplates in his heart," and Mr. Watkin echoes his words. His thesis, so he summarizes it, argues "that the entire fabric of knowledge and consequently of action and production is founded upon contemplation . . . for we cannot profitably handle objects whose nature is unknown. But the nature of things is constituted by their form. And contemplation is an intuition of form" (p. xxiii). The theme of the book, then, is the correlation of the metaphysics and of the intuition of form, and through it the two threads of philosophical argument run intertwined. It may be said at once, for the sake of clarity, that "form" is that constituent of a being which makes it specifically what it is (so in Catholic philosophy, the soul is the form of man); "matter," in the strict metaphysical sense, is "first matter," the capacity to

¹ "A Philosophy of Form," by E. I. Watkin. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. xxix, 424. Price, 16s. n. 1935.

receive form, whereby form becomes *this* form (that is, individuated).

A man may be original in several ways. He may, independently and for himself, discover many deep truths that as a fact have been discovered before—such a one confessedly is Mr. G. K. Chesterton—or he may be original in his assimilation and interpretation and synthesis of what he culls from many philosophies of many ages and climes. Mr. Watkin, who is, indeed, fond of the Hegelian dialectic of thesis, antithesis, synthesis, is an original eclectic of this latter kind: in his work, as Walter Pater wrote of Plato,¹ “the seemingly new is old also, a palimpsest, a tapestry of which the actual threads have served before . . . nothing but the life-giving principle of cohesion is new; the new perspectives, the resultant complexion, the expressiveness which familiar thoughts attain by novel juxtaposition.” In his work there are hardly any fundamental ideas that are not already to be found in Scholastic philosophy itself (which is by no means so severely rationalist and anti-intuitionalist as it is usually charged with being), but the interpretation is often novel and the synthesis is entirely original. Because of this originality Mr. Watkin is remarkably suggestive, and he has thrown open windows (to use his own metaphor) that might well serve to frame the philosophical thinking of those Catholic philosophers of whom England stands in no small need.

Because Mr. Watkin professes no allegiance to any system, his positive work is to be appraised, as every philosophical work ought to be appraised, philosophically and not historically. And that is why his chapters ought to be inspiring to the professional philosopher as well as to the layman, for the professional philosopher will, indeed, judge that very many of Mr. Watkin's philosophical contemplations have gone awry, but he will also have to ponder whether or not Mr. Watkin has offered a deeper and broader interpretation of, say, hylomorphism,² than his own accepted system, and whether or not he himself has dimmed one facet of philosophical truth (the objective validity of intuition, for instance) in order to clarify some other. It is only too easy to encyst one's mind in one philosophical “system” and to be unsympathetic with others.

One of the reasons why Augustinian philosophy is so al-

¹ “Plato and Platonism,” chap. i.

² The dualistic principle of natural bodies, constituted of “matter” and “form,” as outlined above.

luring and holds such a sway over the young Catholic philosopher, at any rate, is that it hymns a splendid "song of degrees," ranges in a fine, unbroken course from God to the creature, from the creature to God; or rather, as M. Etienne Gilson¹ writes of the digressions of St. Augustine, "c'est par elle qu'au lieu de nous conduire simplement à Dieu comme à un terme, il nous y réfère constamment comme à un centre où, selon quelque direction que l'on s'en éloigne, il faut nécessairement revenir." Something of the same God-ward orientation holds us in Mr. Watkin: in this sense especially he is certainly "synoptic," as Father D'Arcy declares him to be.

But it will be better to select at once some theses for more detailed comment. No pages provide easy reading, no pages are short (indeed, we believe that greater conciseness would have helped considerably to greater lucidity), and those of the first chapter, "Matter and Form," are difficult from the outset. Mr. Watkin declares his debt to "Platonic-Aristotelean" hylomorphism, and rightly, for his deepest conception of "form" and "matter" is far more Platonic than Aristotelean. His interpretation and his application of that doctrine are certainly appealing; whether or not the appeal is to the imagination at the expense, here and there, of sober metaphysical accuracy, is a question that may be commended to the earnest reflection of the reader.

Our remarks on hylomorphism may be made clearer. For a contemplation of "thusness" and "thisness" in things reveals to us a dual principle in them, the one formal, which makes an object what it is, "this sort of thing, not any other sort of thing," the other material, which makes it this particular thing, unique, numerically distinct; this union of matter and form is, of course, not a physical composition like the oxygen and hydrogen in water, but purely a metaphysical one. Of this static view potency and act are the dynamic expression, and matter, pure potency, is simply the potentiality of receiving form. It has no existence, therefore, outside the composite; form likewise, divorced of matter, has no existence except "eminently" in the divine mind, and in an incomplete and analogous way, in the mind that apprehends it. Mr. Watkin is careful to insist that what is, is the composite: matter and form are not beings, but principles of being. Yet as we read on in the book we find ourselves contemplating the story of the cosmos as of a kind of Heraclitean strife of

¹ "Introduction à l'Étude de Saint Augustin" (1931), p. 295.

opposites : on the one hand is form, embodied in matter, ever striving to subdue the tyranny of matter to itself and to realize its ideal archetype that is in the divine mind; on the other hand is matter itself, recalcitrant, stubbornly spoiling the full, glorious efflorescence of form.

Moreover, owing to the inherent deficiency of matter, these forms are more or less imperfectly expressed. Nowhere is there the perfect expression of an idea, not even of the idea of an individual. For no tree completely fulfils the promise of its seed, no animal of its embryo. The form, of course, as it actually is in the object, is completely realized, for it is precisely the formal factor of the actual object. But this realized form falls far short of the specific idea and the individual ideal. And it falls short of them precisely because it is united with a matter (p. 64).

Matter is thus a negative principle of evil. Here, forthwith, are the metaphysics of evolution.

The struggle for existence is in itself an expression of that factor of blind necessity with which the form, the manifestation of the Divine Idea, must contend in this lower world. And evolution is precisely the gradual overcoming of necessity, the progressive rationalization and spiritualization of matter which man's work continues on a higher plane. If, therefore, the struggle for existence, in spite of its wastefulness and blind cruelty, is found to be among the factors which have conditioned the appearance of higher categories of being and life, the embodiment of new forms, it is because it is overruled by a creative Spirit to the service and manifestation of form to which as such it is indifferent, or rather hostile (p. 263).

But that is a "reification" of both matter and form. And alas, poor matter ! concreated with form in the composite, it is seemingly to be regarded as some eternal, uncreated principle of obstinate untidiness and "cussedness" (a Platonic "dysteleology") and frustrating anomalousness, independent of God. This, of course, is a thoroughly Greek notion, although, perhaps, as Mr. A. E. Taylor holds,¹ not Platonic; and protests have already been raised against its importation into Christian philosophy, by Père Rousselot, S.J.,² for in-

¹ "Plato: the Man and his Work," 3rd edition, especially p. 455.

² In "L'Intellectualisme de Saint Thomas."

stance, Père Blaise Romeyer, S.J.,¹ Père Picard, S.J.; and, we think, rightly.

But we must, indeed, be sedulously cautious lest we refer Mr. Watkin to a philosophical criterion that he would at once reject. For his conception of matter is entirely his own. When the Aristotelean speaks of composition of matter and substantial form, he understands substantial form as the "first act" of the physical body, received into "*prime matter*"² (such, too, perhaps was the mind of Plato himself, if we understand the "*Philebus*" and the "*Timaeus*" aright). Mr. Watkin would object firstly that a form is not an act,³ and secondly that what immediately informs "*prime matter*" is that which is lowest in the scale of being, probably something subatomic, and such an already constituted existing thing becomes matter for the form of the next in the grade of being (say, the atom); this, in turn, becomes matter for information by the next, and so on.

Thus the formed matter of a lower level of being becomes the matter of a higher form and *as such*, that is in relation to this higher form, it is potency, not actual being. As we ascend the hierarchical ladder of being, physical energy becomes the matter of vital form; the vital energy, so constituted, becomes in turn the matter of a sensible form [*sic*], and higher still this vital-sentient energy becomes the matter of a spiritual form, which forms respectively constitute in union with these physical, vital and vital-sensitive energies, life, sentience and intelligence (p. 17).

In view of the findings of natural science that is very apposite and very attractive, and we are inclined to think that there is nothing more than the cast of expression that ought to puzzle the Aristotelean; indeed, Mr. Watkin's use of the word "form" itself is much less univocal than his use of the word "matter," and sometimes it is metaphorical only. We may note in passing an interesting speculation on matter as the principle of inertia (pp. 39 ff), and startlingly enough a query whether, if the mathematical physicists are right, the most elementary composite may not be the composite of "first matter" and the quantitative patterns of the physicist (p. 96,

¹ "Saint Thomas et notre connaissance de l'esprit humain" ("Archives de Philosophie," Vol. VI, cahier II, §§ 20-21, 28-29, etc.).

² "Prime matter" is *first matter*, which has been explained above.

³ Cf. p. 10, etc.

where also is quoted the more probable opinion of Father Leslie Walker, S.J.). Mr. Watkin is certainly lavish of suggestions!

We criticized above a "metaphysic of evolution," but in connexion with that Mr. Watkin has written some pages that we would most fervently urge on the attention and careful scrutiny of the materialistic evolutionists (if there are any) and the mathematical physicists. He insists that

if even a concrete sum is more than the bare summation of its numerical factors, the higher qualitative forms, the more intrinsic self-concentrated wholes, are *a fortiori* more and other than the sum of their factors. Already on the chemical level, water is more than the bare sum of hydrogen and oxygen which compose it without residue. *A fortiori*, even if a given complex of physical and chemical factors constitutes without residue the matter of an organism, the organism is, nevertheless, more and other than the complex, endowed with a further irresoluble quality, an overplus of being (pp. 261—262).

That is well said, and it is substantiated by many another passage in the book.

We have already hinted at what we think the most serious charge to be made against Mr. Watkin's handling of metaphysics. Not rarely he has allowed imagination to interfere with metaphysical exactness. What, for instance, are the forms which he states are to be apprehended in "sociological contemplation"?

However, a social form is conditioned in its apprehension and embodiment by the "real" factors which provide the occasion of its perception or acceptance and the matter which it informs; it is an ideology, an ideal which, in so far as it is realized, dominates and fashions its material. The form, or rather the structure of forms thus apprehended by a society, is its social form (p. 181).

Now, the word "form" may be used in analogous senses, but Mr. Watkin would mean this to be more than a mere metaphor: he would have it to be an immediate corollary from a thoroughly metaphysical system. Still, the form of a state thus apprehended is by no means its metaphysical constituent in the sense that the soul, for example, is the form of a man. Similarly, his treatment of "axiological" contemplation (which is concerned with values, especially ethical

values), and of the direct intellectual contemplation of metaphysical form (which is called speculative), leaves us somewhat uneasy.

Mr. Watkin is not primarily writing of epistemology, and so he does not detain us with a worked-out case for the objectivity of contemplative knowledge. He frankly accepts "man's entire experience in its self-evidence": it is obvious that things are knowable because, as a matter of fact, we know them; which, indeed, if one pushes one's reflection back to the concrete intuition of the ego in self-consciousness (but *only* if one does that; there is no other escape from apriorism),¹ is true and adequate. Accepting, then, man's cognitive experience in its self-evidence, "the spirit contemplates in their intrinsic hierarchy the forms which determine that experience, because they determine the external reality experienced, and, in and above them, God whose Being they reflect" (p. xxix). There are aesthetic forms, ideals of beauty, and we can contemplate them, because in fact we do. We *know* that "the Parthenon is more beautiful than the Grand Hotel at Shrimpton-on-Sea."

Contemplation, therefore, is a direct apprehension or intuition, of form. To be sure, it admits degrees, from the intuition of form in sense-perception and the intuition of quantitative mathematical forms that is founded on it, to the intuition of values, of metaphysical forms (of, for instance, the Kantian categories, but only as ontological, not epistemological, aspects of being), of significant form, and of the Divine. Moreover,

the higher in the scale of being the object is, the harder it is to discriminate exactly. The greater, therefore, is the scope for error. But the apprehension of a moral value, a sociological principle, a human disposition, a metaphysical truth, a beauty of aesthetic form or the presence of Deity, is not as such more subjective than the apprehension of a crystal, a chemical compound, a tree, a mathematical pointer-reading or a newly-discovered planet (p. 93).

Again, the clearest intuitions are those of the most abstract and general forms (the mathematical forms, for instance),

¹ According to which man's knowledge of reality is governed outright by categories intrinsic to himself. He can never, therefore, know the thing-in-itself.

while the more concrete intuitions of art and religion are, though certain, relatively obscure; their obscurity and even their conditioning by subjective elements, as in aesthetic contemplation, constitutes no denial of their objectivity.

We have equated contemplation with intuition, but the equation, in Mr. Watkin's view, is not quite exact. "Contemplation," he writes, "implies a deliberate fixing of attention on the form which intuition apprehends. It may even be called a deliberate exercise of intuition. All contemplation is intuition—but an unfocused intuition is only an inchoate contemplation" (p. 104). And a concrete, obscure, intuitive "contemplation" of, for example, the beauty of a Virginia creeper in autumn, in which the quality is not clearly discriminated from its embodiment, if it is to be clarified at all, must be made clearer by a secondary intuition, a discrimination expressed by discursive reasoning: a process seemingly impossible in aesthetic contemplation.

We may note briefly that Mr. Watkin's intuition and contemplation of form, abstracted and at least potentially universal, is radically different from the real, intellectual intuition of a concrete thing in its individual singularity, on which an epistemology may be founded (as by Père Picard, S.J.),¹ or which is made the core of an aesthetic theory (as, for instance, by Henri Bremond² and Father Thomas Gilby, O.P.).³ And, while we should agree outright that it is in the concrete intuition of consciousness alone that *metaphysical* forms are apprehended, we are definitely opposed to Mr. Watkin's desire to treat the categories of relation and modality as objects of non-introspective contemplative intuition. This, however, is not the place to enter into metaphysical details. Enough to say that it was well to insist that "discursive reasoning is reducible to a texture of intuitions or intellections" (p. 105, etc.), and especially welcome is his clear discussion of induction and deduction (pp. 295—305).

However, what the Catholic philosopher has most to thank Mr. Watkin for is not this or that section of his book, but his earnest demonstrations of the primacy of intuition and contemplation in the acquisition of truth: too long has this aspect of the life of the mind been frowned upon. For mere rationalism is an arid desert. One might recall the words of

¹ In "Le Problème Critique Fondamental" ("Archives de Philosophie," Vol. I, cahier ii).

² In "Prière et Poésie."

³ In "Poetic Experience" (Essay in Order).

Mephistopheles to the student in "Faust,"¹ because it parches and kills:

Wer will was Lebendigs erkennen und beschreiben,
Sucht erst den Geist herauszutreiben,
Dann hat er die Teile in seiner Hand,
Fehlt leider! nur das geistige Band.²

Besides, why should man remain within the walls of his own mind, feeding upon the self? Not only the poets are "seers," but the best spirits of every age strive to pierce the very life of things, using all their powers in "one desperate effort to see and touch" (Walter Pater).³ It may well be, for example, that it is a terrible loneliness of spirit that causes many lapses into the "grosser sins"; a loneliness, too, that inspires the fierceness with which men in all ages have grasped the notion of communion, rooted as that idea is in the depths of almost all the mystery religions. In religion, therefore, mere philosophical theism breaks down into the "irrational blend of spirituality and emotionalism that is termed romanticism," as Mr. Christopher Dawson has it,⁴ or into the purely biological level of sensationalism and sex: we may recall the various aesthetic humanisms of both England and America, and the tragedy, above all, of D. H. Lawrence.

In two ways, according to Mr. Watkin, may a man possess the proffered marriageable fact outside himself, viz., by vital union and by contemplation. "We enter into union with it as a concrete actual energy, a substance composed of matter and form, or we apprehend its form inner or outer in and for itself as distinct from its concrete material embodiment" (p. 73). Vital union is *vital*, strictly, if on the biological level, as in the union effected by eating or, above all, of sex; it is *supervital* (metabiological) "if it transcends the vital sphere, as when we are united with a human spirit by affection or intellectual communion, or by prayer with the Living God" (pp. 75—76). A secondary, reflex vital union is a vital union relived in memory. In actual experience, of course, vital and supervital union and contemplation are intermingled in one psychological whole, just as the objective aesthetic intuition

¹ Part I, Scene 4.

² "He who would study organic existence,
First drives out the soul with rigid persistence;
Then the parts in his hand he may hold and class,
But the spiritual link is lost, alas!" (Taylor.)

³ In the conclusion to "Renaissance Studies."

⁴ Cf. "Christianity and the New Age," chap. ii.

is fused with and conditioned by purely subjective elements (temperament, apperceptive history, and so on) that are quite beyond the ken of the aesthetical theorist. Aesthetic contemplation, indeed, is particularly closely allied with union, perhaps resulting from it or issuing into it or conditioned by it, and itself moreover, while a contemplation of form, is of its nature a contemplation of *significant*, more concretely embodied form, the idea or inner form as expressed by outer form or pattern, "the harmony and unification of a physical manifold" (p. 313), whereby it is invested with the irreducible thing we call beauty. This intuition, therefore, is closer to vital union, while yet distinct from it, and for that reason usually spills over into emotion, though there is no distinctive aesthetic emotion. It is, however, really distinct from both union and emotion, and the vitalist may not lawfully introduce it into his system. Moreover, since these elements are intertwined in experience, it is plain that the one may aid the other or deck itself in borrowed plumes,¹ and this is not only of interest to a speculative analysis, but is of immediate importance. For the romanticist, besides confusing aesthetic experience itself, will fail to see that this contemplation is inchoately religious, and *vice versa*, "the religious aesthete" (cf. Professor J. Huxley² and, as a matter of fact, Mr. C. E. M. Joad³) will in his vagueness exalt metabiological union and aesthetic experience above religious contemplation, or yet will make plausibly acceptable an "intense life" of biological instincts by attributing to it the qualities of the metabiological life of spirit. That was the error and the tragedy of D. H. Lawrence: "a man of acute religious sensitiveness suppressed by rationalism, he read into the biological ecstasy of sex the metabiological ecstasy of the soul's union with God" (p. 110 and cf. pp. 370 ff). For vitalism in its various kinds is a very natural reaction against rationalism, and must have our sympathy⁴; to it we must reply by demonstrating the validity and the primacy of intuition and contemplation, as Mr. Watkin has done, and show the relation that these have to the Divine.

In experience, we said, both types of possession are inter-

¹ Father Przywara, S.J., has recently written thus of Nietzsche ("Stimmen der Zeit," February).

² As in "Religion without Revelation," and cf. the discussion in Father Ronald Knox, "Broadcast Minds," chap. iv.

³ As in "Under the Fifth Rib."

⁴ Cf., too, the three volumes (Leipzig, 1929-1932) of Ludwig Klages: "Der Geist als Widersacher der Seele"; Goethe and Nietzsche are the philosophers of life and "logocentrism" is to yield place to "biocentrism."

mingled (in the specifically religious contemplation they are one) and it is not the least of the merits of Mr. Watkin's book that he has clearly drawn their distinction. Nevertheless, he seems to us to have exaggerated the closeness of vital union and the duality of contemplation. "Though biological union belongs to a lower sphere than the supervital or metabiological contemplation of form, it possesses a fullness, a richness, an actuality denied to the latter" (p. 125). That seems to corroborate only a superficial experience. On the one hand, we cannot help recalling, for instance, testimonies like those in the fourth book of Lucretius:

Ut bibere in somnis sitiens quom quaerit, et humor
Non datur . . .

and, on the other, contemplation shot through with supervital union may attain, as experience bears witness, an incredible closeness. Discontented with duality, love, at first sight, seems to hanker after the impossible. But "it is mind which solves the difficulty, for mind it is which takes possession and leaves the possessor the power to know himself in the possessed. . . . In complete knowledge the mind is absorbed in what is near and dear to it, and this absorption is its own life expressed and enjoyed."¹ But this must suffice, although the subject deserves development.

It is impossible here to discuss adequately Mr. Watkin's chapter on religious contemplation, nor is there space to tarry over his aesthetical pages, but we must briefly indicate an exceedingly valuable discussion of immanent nature-mysticism and transcendental, supernatural mysticism (pp. 379—388). It is hardly necessary to recall that he holds unequivocally that "the human spirit possesses an intuition of God concrete but obscure" (p. 370).

It would be impertinent in us to praise or "recommend" this book, but in conclusion it may be repeated that, even if there were an "embarras de choix" among Catholic philosophers, "A Philosophy of Form" would be a noteworthy book. As it is, it is remarkable, and deserves our admiration and gratitude and serious, if critical, study. Merely to stimulate discussion and criticism is a fair destiny for a philosophical work, and this does very much more.

VINCENT TURNER.

¹ Cf. M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., "The Spirit of Charity," pp. 4—5, and "The Nature of Belief," pp. 60—61.

THE SHIELD OF FAITH

THE fog was the crowning stroke.

All day long it had settled over the city like a pall, confining Marvin to his idle office, bottling him in with his thoughts. It had been a visible symbol of his despair, a black curtain cutting him off from the world of hope.

Then, as he stumbled out of the railway station on his way home to his lodgings, and, for a moment, felt utterly lost in what should be familiar surroundings, something seemed to blaze in his brain. He too was utterly lost financially and morally. He'd obey the message of the fog. The fog blotted out all life—he'd blot out his.

As he fumbled his way across the obscured pavement and found the kerb, he knew that he had merely yielded to a decision that had been at the back of his mind all day—a temptation he'd have called it in the old days. He'd been staving it off through some old instinct, as vague as it was senseless. But now he saw plainly the hopelessness of going on with his fight—the fog that shut out all vision had opened his eyes to stark facts.

He had seen all day it was useless to go on. The accumulating disasters of the past months had finished him. A man could not fight against the inevitable. Yes, it was wisest for the futureless to make an end of it. And the way was easy. In the front bed-sitting room which made his lodgings at Aboyne Terrace, there was a gas fire and two light jets. He'd seal the door and window and turn those jets on. It was an easy death, he understood.

Anyhow, better than living and seeing one's hopes brought to nothing and oneself to the gutter. Hard, perhaps, to be cut off in one's youth, but that could not be helped. It wasn't his fault, or anybody's for the matter of that; just the bad luck of the slump hitting a man who hadn't enough solid capital to carry his business through.

He'd begun with good enough prospects. He knew his line, had some first-rate clients. For two years he'd done well, if not quite well enough to survive hard times. But a couple more years would have put him on his feet, certainly; for he had the brains and ability. If this slump hadn't happened. . .

But it was no good crying out against that. It *had* happened. His best connexions had been forced to cut their orders, client after client had dropped away, while money was too tight for him to hope to pick up new ones to replace them. It had been a gradual slide downhill, for, of course, he'd made a fight for it. He'd cut down his clerical staff and other overhead costs, he'd given up his comfortable flat to live in his present second-rate lodgings, and he had worked until he was mentally and physically exhausted. But it had been no good. A man can't defeat the inevitable. He'd tried to blind himself to that law because he was a fighter, but the fog had shut him in, as it were, with the truth—Mark Marvin, General Agent, was finished.

And when a man was finished it was better to make an end.

The kerb which he had been following vanished from under his feet, and he halted in sudden bewilderment. Marvin knew this pavement, this district, like a book, but for the moment his sense of direction had vanished. It took quite an effort of will to persuade him that he was at the crossing. He had only to walk straight ahead to reach the pavement of Harland Road, then all he had to do was to bear left for fifty yards, turn to the right and be in Aboyne Terrace, practically home.

Amazing the confusion of mind the fog caused. It played tricks with time and space as well as direction. It seemed to take an age to cross the roadway. In fact, when he heard a motor horn blare, he felt he was only half way, and bound to be run down. He jumped ahead wildly, to find himself so close to the pavement that he tripped over it.

The episode shook and confused him more than ever. After what seemed a minute's walking he was again so lost that he was sure that he had overshot Aboyne Terrace—or worse, had walked away from it. When, a moment later, he saw a street lamp loom ahead, throwing its feeble light upon the pillar-box beneath, he knew he was going right. And yet he could hardly believe it; he seemed to have walked much further than usual.

Aboyne Terrace was worse. It was always badly lighted, and now he could not see a yard ahead. It was only by shuffling over to the railings and feeling his way by them that he got ahead at all.

He crept forward, counting the gates, which were set together in pairs; that was the only way he was going to know

his own house, No. 27, from the others. It was impossible to see the porches, or even the high, old-fashioned steps up to them. Yet this pairing of the gates and that curious sense of going further than usual was upsetting. He had to pause twice and recapitulate his count to make sure where he was. And the nearer he got to No. 27, and the gas jets that were to mean his end, the more unstable his mind seemed to grow.

He was sure of the house at last. He went up its steps, his legs leaden yet shaky. The door, like all lodging-house doors, opened to a mere turn of the handle. He almost wished that, for once, it had been locked. He would have liked a pause in which to brace himself for the act he was about to accomplish.

He knew that it was only the physical revolting against extinction, or, maybe, some forgotten memory of his boyhood's teaching welling up. But he'd conquer it. He gritted his teeth and pushed open the door. Letting it slam behind him, he ran blindly up the stairs, head down, looking neither to left nor right for fear of seeing someone or something that might distract him from his resolve.

Even then he had a queer sense of unreality, but he thought that only an effect of nerves, until, thrusting violently into his bed-sitting-room, closing the door, and leaning his trembling body against it, he gave a startled gasp.

It was not his room.

It was extremely like his room, as no doubt all the rooms in this terrace were like each other; the differences were merely in the furnishing. The bed in this room was, for instance, in the wrong place, drawn close to the window. And there was a girl in it, sitting up and looking at him.

She was a frail girl. She was so emaciated that, as she sat in the halo of light cast by her reading lamp, she seemed almost other-worldly. He noted the ethereal transparency of her face, the high patches of colour on her cheek bones, and he knew her.

It was the bed-ridden girl, Miss O'Gara, who lived with her typist sister at No. 25, two doors below his own lodgings. The fog had made him miscalculate again and enter the wrong lodging-house.

He knew the girl because all the Terrace knew her. He, like the others, had seen her sitting out on the little balcony before her window on sunny days. He had pitied her, like

the rest, as a poor, wistful creature doomed to a lingering death.

She stared at him now with a curious sense of recognition, and yet a more curious note of fear in her eyes, and he managed to gasp hoarsely :

"I really beg your pardon. I've come into the wrong house—this fog, you know. I live two doors up. . ."

"I know," suddenly she seemed to rally and spoke with a nervous huskiness. "I've often seen you pass." She hesitated, her eyes, big and deep from her illness, seemed to be reading his very soul with a sense of mystical penetration. He shivered, almost feeling that she saw what he was on his way to do. But she said surprisingly, with a sort of defiance : "You're the—the Fighter !"

"The Fighter !" he was startled by the mere connexion of the word with himself, who had given in.

"I'm sorry," a wave of colour threw up the high flush on her thin cheeks. "I call most of the people who go by regularly by names I invent for them. I haven't much else to do. I lie here and watch you passing and—and fit these names to you."

"And mine's—The Fighter !" Knowing what he meant to do when he left her, it struck him as ironic. And perhaps the mockery in his voice touched her, she was extraordinarily sensitive, for she looked deeply at him and said gently :

"But you *are*, you know. I don't know any of your names, so I have to go by your characters, as I see you showing them, as you pass every day—and you're one of the fighters." She hesitated, her strange, mystic's eyes dwelling on him and yet somehow seeing beyond him, as though drawing inspiration from that. Then she said evenly : "A Fighter—one who'll never accept defeat."

He almost laughed aloud at the bitterness of that—he who was on his way to embrace the final defeat. He said harshly : "I'm afraid you're not very good at judging character."

She said with a calmness that took his breath away : "I never make mistakes. Not now. I seem to—to have grown an instinct that makes me read faces right. Perhaps it's long practice with nothing else to interfere. . . But I am rarely wrong."

Marvin felt his body trembling as his mind half believed her. People in her condition, so close to the other world, with the blindness of the flesh worn thin by suffering, the power

of the spirit strengthened by patience and sweetness, often had other-worldly insight—like the saints he'd learnt about as a boy.

He stared hungrily at her. Yes, that was what she looked, saintly. She possessed the vision of the pure in heart—ah, if he could get real assurance of hope from her. . . And yet he said hoarsely:

"I fear then I'm going to be one of your mistakes. I've had all my fight knocked out of me."

"For the moment, yes," she said unexpectedly. "I've seen that, too. You've been going through a bad time for months. I've watched you, and prayed for you."

"Prayed!" he threw a startled look at the hand that had lifted from the coverlet as she spoke, saw the rosary in it. "You're a Catholic, too?"

"So *you're* one," she laughed softly. "*That's* the reason of it all, then."

"What reason?"

"The reason why you came here instead of going straight home to-night."

His breath caught at the way she said that. It was as though she really knew what he had planned to do to-night.

"The sole reason was the fog," he said doggedly.

"Or was the fog only a means to an end?" she smiled. She was now serene, sure of herself. He stared at her with an odd lightening of his heart. Her certainty made it seem perfectly logical that the fog had another meaning for him than—than blotting things out.

"What end?" he asked.

"I think it was so that I should tell you that you must fight on, that your troubles will pass. Yes, I'm certain that's the meaning of it all. It's an answer to prayer."

"Not mine," he said. "I'm not really a Catholic, haven't been since I left school. I've forgotten how to pray."

"Perhaps it's to bring you back to that, too. You're a Catholic at heart. You'll not have forgotten that with God all things are possible. You'll believe in your heart that when I tell you you are to fight on you *must*, because you're going to win."

"I can't believe it," he groaned. "As things stand with me, it's useless."

"You can believe it by looking at me," she said. "Is there anything more—seemingly—useless in the world than I? Yet

I have my use—to save you. Nothing is useless under God.”

“You—you believe that?” he cried. He had to grasp the head of the bed, he was shaking so. “You believe you—you were meant to save me?”

“I believe it,” she said. “I believe that is the meaning of all this—me, my seeing you and praying for you, this fog, and your coming to me, of all people, to-night of all nights.”

“To-night! You know? You saw I was going—?”

“I saw it in your face as you stood trembling against my door. I had seen it growing in your face as you passed every day. I saw you struggling against your despair, that was why I prayed. I knew despair was wrong for you, I saw in your face you were made to win, and I’m never wrong. . .”

“And yet you nearly were. . . I mean, I am ready *now* to throw in my hand, in spite of what you saw in my face.”

“You neglected your means of strength—prayer,” she said simply. “Perhaps that’s why I had to do it for you. And you have come here, haven’t you, and you can’t . . .”, she looked squarely into his eyes, “*won’t* do that thing now.”

“You can’t be so sure of that,” he temporized.

“Quite sure,” she smiled. “I was afraid at first, when I saw you’d made up your mind. I thought my prayers had failed. Then I saw it all, your being a Catholic, and coming here so—so aptly because of the fog, and I knew it wasn’t merely accident. You were sent here. I was to tell you to—to fight on.”

He stared at her, warmth, hope, renewed strength flowing into his heart.

“And you really *do* believe that,” he said, but not as one asking a question, but as one who saw the absolute certainty glowing in her face and felt awed by it. “You believe I’ll pull through.”

“I can’t disbelieve it,” she smiled. “I *know* you’ll win.”

“You’ve made me believe,” he said huskily. “I won’t give in. Thank you—and thank God.”

He turned to go. She smiled a farewell at him and held out her hand with the rosary in it: “You’ll need this,” she said softly.

“Yes, I’ll need that,” he said. He took the rosary from her hand, kissed its crucifix, and went away, using it.

Marvin did not make good at once. There was a battle still. But next day he got a small order that was encourag-

ing if it was not more. Before the end of the week there came a couple more. Then, the week after, he got a commission that took him to the north for two months. It meant hard work, his success was often touch-and-go, but when he had won through he was safe. He'd formed a regular business connexion that meant the backbone to a growing prosperity.

The moment he was in town again he hurried to No. 25 Aboyne Terrace to tell the sick girl how true her words had been. How he had fought through and won, just as she had said he would. The landlady told him she was dead.

"Her sickness carried her off a month back, poor dear. But it was a happy release, I say. A useless existence like that—"

"Useless," Mark Marvin laughed. "Useless is the last word to use for her. She, at least, fulfilled her end perfectly."

DOUGLAS NEWTON.

*A Sussex Church*¹

QUAM DILECTA TABERNACULA TUA, DOMINE VIRTUTUM!

A LITTLE length of Sussex ground,
A space with sun and silence crowned
Folded beneath a quiet hill,
Where climbing roses have their will.

There the dead sleep in earth's embrace,
The living tend their resting place,
There, changeless through the changing tides,
Nearby, God's Heart of Love abides.

Abides and watches as of old,
The same in wonders manifold,
As when, on Thabor's hallowed height,
It flamed with uncreated Light.

A chalice brimming with sweet praise,
With love and prayer and peaceful days;
A space with sun and silence crowned,
A little length of Sussex ground.

M. V. GARLAND.

¹ St. Joseph's, Burwash.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN HUMBLE LIFE

PART II

THOSE who have so far perused Miss Kate's narrative will remember, I trust, that in our last issue the story broke off abruptly at the point when her father, while laid up in hospital, discovered that his two younger children had been put into the workhouse by their uncle, under a false name. With the aid of a poor Irish friend he set about the business of getting them out again. As the uncle had gone right away from London, it was not an easy task, but the kind-hearted Irishman in the end succeeded in tracing the children. Miss Kate now goes on to relate how, in these gloomy workhouse surroundings, her father at last came to them. The story, under a new heading, may be continued in her own words. She must at this time have been about seven or eight years old.—[H.T.]

CHAPTER II

THE LITTLE BROTHER

How long we remained at the workhouse I am not sure, but I remember being taken down one day with my brother into a large room where there were many gentlemen. My father was there with his crutches, so wan and haggard; but I knew him, and in an instant, before anyone was aware of what I was going to do, I let go the nurse's hand, ran to him, threw my arms round his neck, clung to him saying: "Father, father, have you come to take us out of this nasty place?" Seeing what I had done, my little brother did the same. They tried to separate us, but weak as my father was I clung so passionately to him that, as I afterwards learnt from him, it was the proof they needed. He had pleaded so hard that at last the Board consented and brought us down, though they had taken several other children down first about the same age; but no one looking at me could doubt but that I was his child, I resembled him more than any of his other children in features, if not in character. They told him he must leave us there till he had a home, because he looked quite unfit to

support us. Then that good Irishman coming forward said his wife was going to look after us, and that my father lived with him at present. Then they consented. We had to leave him to have our own clothes put on. That was very hard for me, only my father told me I was going with him when they had changed our clothes. I always believed him, for from my earliest years I never remember him deceiving me or breaking his promise, so I went away quietly, but when I returned to him something of all my bad passion burst out. I felt free and safe, so I cried out: "I hate you all, and we will be Papists just to spite you; see if we don't." My father could not understand me, and the only way he stopped me was by saying if I kept on like that they would not let me go with him. Afterwards he told me that he said to these gentlemen: "I am quite sure my little girl does not know what she is saying," and he made me thank them. I am certain they knew I did not mean a word I said. I looked like a little fury, so I have been told. What poor objects we looked! still I can thank God now, for it taught me pity and sympathy which, with my selfish nature, I should never have learnt.

The only room the poor man could spare was a back one, at the top, with a bed on the floor. My father was still an out-patient at the hospital. I do not remember how long we remained there, but soon my brother and I became very ill, measles, whooping-cough and then, worse than all, small-pox. How they managed to keep it secret I do not know, but my poor father feared to lose us again. The Irishman brought my uncle to see us. My father readily forgave him. I think he was touched by all the misery he had brought about. He made the medicine, brought it, and though my brother and I were quite blind for a long time, still he told my father not to fear, but do all he prescribed, which he faithfully did. Sometimes I wonder how my father trusted him, but the Irish are very forgiving, and I suppose he knew his good points. Perhaps the good God took all his kindness to us in reparation for the wrong he had caused (I like to think so), and often my father spoke of him, telling me how frightfully marked we should have been but for his care. I have only three little pock-marks to show I had it. By the time we had recovered, my father had found some employment as clerk, copying in a ship-broker's office, for he had been well educated in Ireland. So, soon he took rooms in a better neighbourhood, furnishing them more comfortably, and re-

paid those good Irish people to the best of his power. But we saw no more of my uncle, and his name was almost forgotten amongst us. How my sister found my father, I cannot remember, but I think through my cousins. She discovered what hospital he was in, and ran across him as he was going up as an out-patient, but because we were so ill, she remained in her situation till we moved to the rooms I have mentioned. Then she came home, but she had had so much freedom that she did not stay on with us, as my father wished; so my brother and I were constant companions. My fear lest I should ever be taken to the Union again kept me indoors.

About this time some visiting ladies, good Protestants, came to see us, and brought pretty little story-books, and little presents. They persuaded my father to let us all three go to Sunday school, which he did. In the morning we went to church, school in the afternoon. They told Bible stories. I remember liking them, but I did not like church. I generally contrived to have something to play with in the pew during the service. My sister went with us for a short time, then she told them that father could not spare her. They knew he was delicate and they believed her. She always took us and fetched us home, till one Sunday a dreadful storm came on, it seemed as if the rain would never leave off. When it began to get dark and my sister had not come for us as usual, the Minister's wife, a kind lady, took us to her house just across the road, gave us both some cake, I well remember; then sent her maid home with us and a large umbrella. My father, surprised at not seeing my sister, spoke to the maid; she, on her return, told her mistress. When my father had taken off our wet shoes, he made us sit by the fire, but though there were nice piles of toast, and tea was ready, he would not give us any. I can remember telling him that our sister never came to school or church with us. His face grew white with passion as he walked up and down the room. I was then in my ninth year. Soon, my sister made her appearance. She seemed very frightened, having been to the school and heard we had been taken home. When the door was shut, my father took up the largest knife, perhaps only to terrify her, still, I can see it all now so vividly; the scene is photographed on my mind. "Tell me the truth," he said, "if you lie I will kill you. Where have you been? What have you been doing, you good-for-nothing girl?" She fell on her knees and calmly said, "Kill me if you like. I will

tell you the truth, and what I have done I mean to do again; you may believe or disbelieve; I do not mind. I have been received into the Church. I am a Roman Catholic. This morning I made my First Communion, and the service was longer this afternoon."

I forgot to mention that my brother and I had our dinner with the servants at the Minister's house on Sundays, otherwise we could not have gone back in the afternoon. To our surprise father put the knife down, sat down, put his head in his hands for a time, then he called my sister to him, and said: "Pray for your unhappy father, will you, child? God be praised. I too am a Catholic, that is, I was, but now only a bad one, and a disgrace. But you, come, tell me all about it. How did it come about?" Then we sat down to tea, my sister kissed us both, but we could not understand the change. She talked fluently to my father. They seemed to understand each other. That night my father made us say a little prayer at his knee for the first time, asking God to make us like our sister, something about our mother and for him. I cannot remember the words, but every night for a long time he made us both say some little prayer at his knee.

There was a long talk between the Minister's wife and my father about my sister. They offered to take her into their house, or put her to school, but nothing they could do would change her. Sometimes she talked to my brother, and promised to take us with her if we said nothing. As I have said before, I learnt many bad things in the Union, for I was an apt scholar. You will remember my taking the piece of stuff for my doll. Now I liked reading and sweets and cakes, and I was bent on having as much as I could. My poor father still drank, and I could easily cheat him. Soon I became a clever little thief. I knew it was wrong, but I did not care; my only fear was being found out. Then I was like most thieves, quick at telling lies. After my father had made acquaintances (my sister lived with the people who brought her into the Church), and my father and his friends sat talking and drinking, my brother and I were sent upstairs to be quiet or to go to bed.

I was always what they call a tomboy, and very fond of jumping and sliding down the banisters. I could jump nine stairs backwards and come down so quietly that you could scarcely hear. I often called my brother a coward because he could only jump three. Trying to make him jump four

he slipped and dislocated his shoulder, and nearly broke his arm. His crying brought my father up, but as usual, quick with a lie, I laid all the blame on him saying, he *would* go down, and trying to pull him back caused him to fall. Poor boy, he said nothing, though my father told him he was punished for his disobedience. Then he took him to the doctor, and had it seen to. I was sorry for him, for I dearly loved him, though I showed it in such selfish ways. He looked up to me, and thought me such a brave, clever girl; how little he really knew. When I was in one of my tempers—for I often quarrelled, and used to bite him most cruelly; I often wonder how he bore it from me—he used to say, “You shall never be my wife and live with me when I am a man.” But when we were good friends he used to tell me all the nice things I should have, how he would never drink but dress me like a lady, and I should ride in a carriage and have servants. How little either of us knew of what we were saying.

But this time that I am thinking of I called him a fool several times. As I liked stories, and I had read nearly all the little books we had, my brother asked me to read him something about Jesus. His arm hurt him, so in a better temper, I took down the Bible and opened it intending to do what he asked, when my eyes fell on the words, “Whosoever calls his brother, thou fool, is in danger of *hell fire*,” my eyes were riveted to the book. I knew it was God’s holy word. My mother’s words came back, the thunderstorm and lightning. I threw the book from me and said I hated God for making me. I knew I should go to hell to burn always in that dreadful fire.

My brother could not make out what was the matter. He picked up the Bible and asked me to tell him. I said it was not fair; it only spoke of “brothers,” and he was quite as bad as me, at least I tried to make him so. Oh, how he tried to comfort me! I thought he would go to heaven with mother and little sister, but not me. I remember him saying: “I would rather be with you in hell, though I am afraid of the fire, than go to heaven and leave you there all alone.” Then suddenly a bright thought came into his dear little head; he knelt down and said so earnestly, “Please God, my sister did not know you wrote that in the Bible. If you will forgive her this once, and not send her to hell, she will never say that wicked word again. Will you?” he said, turning to me, “you promise?” Then he added, “My sister never breaks

her promises; I know you will forgive her. I do." Then he put his arms round my neck, kissed me and asked me if I felt better. I remember somehow I did feel better, and I kept my word for his sake; nothing ever made me say that word, not even if it came in a lesson-book. Still, I had a great fear of hell because I felt I was doing lots of things my mother's words made me know were wicked; and some of the hymns and prayers at the Sunday school made a little impression on me.

After a time my sister was true to her promise, and took us one afternoon to a Catholic church. From what I know now, it must have been a Mission time for there was a platform near the High Altar, and a large crucifix. Then a priest all in black preached. I remember nothing, only looking at the cross. My sister took us several times, but told us not to tell. Each day they sang the hymn, "Jesus, my God," etc. I soon learnt it, then one day the altar was full of lights and beautiful flowers, but I could not understand the singing. Somehow I liked the church better the other days when there was only the crucifix. I think my sister told me something about the Passion, and that I could read it if I wished, in the Bible, but I was rather afraid of *that book*. But my brother and I used to sing the hymn. I liked it, and I remember once saying to him, "I wish Jesus had lived now, and would forgive me like Magdalen." We were singing and talking about the crucifix when the Minister's wife called. Scarcely knowing what I did, I told her when she asked what we were so earnest about, how I liked the church my sister went to better than hers. She did not say much to us only to draw us out, but she came to my father complaining of my sister. Till then I did not know she was related to my mother's family and that she considered she had some right over us. My sister would have nothing to do with her, so after much talk, my father consented to let her have me and bring me up.

I think he felt that I was going to the bad, and that soon I should be beyond control. She pointed out to him how much better I should be in a school. I do not wonder he let me go, for I had once sold nearly all his clothes and many other things to buy books and sweets, and though he punished me, still I only got worse and told more lies. She blamed my sister, but to that my father said over her he had no control. As he still gave way to drink, and had just lost his situation through it, he saw he could live better and cheaper

with only my brother, but he did not tell me we were going to be separated. Then the Minister's wife said we must both be christened, otherwise I could not go to school; neither could she look after me. Some of her conversation I told my sister. She, knowing what tempers I could get into, told me to kick and scream out, and not to let them christen me. She knew my power over my brother. She thought of all the bother and commotion I should cause. Of course, she never thought my father would take us, but they made him consent, where my own mother had failed, all through his bad habit of drink.

I did all and more than all my sister told me. The big church was empty except for the Minister, his wife, and her two unmarried sisters who stood godmothers to my brother and me. My father, and the clerk, were talking together when I ran away, dodging about the church. Not all my father could say would make me come near them. I tried to make my brother come with me, calling loudly to him, but my father kept him close; he could not get away. At last they caught me, and the Minister lifted me up. Whether he baptized me properly I cannot tell. I really think I had just as much of the devil in me after, if not more; as this story will show. I thought my father would punish me well when I got home. I heard him say, "It was not too soon. What would become of her if left alone with her sister's influence?" However, he did not punish me, but asked me why I was so naughty, and what made me frightened. I told him all my sister had said and he had a good laugh.

One day soon after, he dressed me himself, and told me I was going out with him. My little brother was asleep, he would not let me kiss him; he said it might wake him, and he could not take him as well. My heart misgave me, but he asked, "why are you not glad to come out with me? I am going to a beautiful park, you will soon come back." (It was the first time he had really deceived me.) It seemed such a long walk, I could not feel happy though I went through the park and had my first view of the Horse Guards. My father told me too that the Queen's palace was not far off, but all the time I could only say, "My brother will wake up and wonder where we are." He answered, "You will soon be at home." Then he stopped at a large private house, gave a card to the servant, and we were taken into a nice room. Soon my father left me, telling me to sit still a few minutes

till he came back, but that he never did, till nearly three years after, as I shall soon relate. Then the lady came to me and told me he had gone away, "that I was put there, so as not to be a Catholic like my sister, that I should never see them any more, that my mother's friends would pay for me there, because if I stopped at home perhaps some day my father's sisters might shut me up in a convent, since they were all nuns." I did not get into one of my violent passions as usual, but a kind of sulky silence took possession of me. I could only think of my brother, but I could not cry. We had never been parted before. If only I had kissed him and said good-bye! If only he knew where I was! How I hated everybody! Why I did what I am now going to tell I cannot say, but when told to kneel down for night prayers, I would not. I said, "I always say mine standing," and I kept trying to make the sign of the cross, though I could not do it properly. I had picked up a little of Benediction service in Latin all mixed up, but I knew it vexed them, so I kept repeating it standing, pretending I was saying Latin prayers. This I kept up for a long time.

In our play time, though forbidden, I told the girls lots of things about the Catholic Church. Most of them came out of my head, not much truth in anything I said. Nearly every night I cried for my little brother, but not in the day. I would not let them see how I felt. I always appeared sullen and cold. Still, they were kind to me, and all the teaching I ever had was during the three years I was there. But I longed so much to know about my little brother. I could not forgive my father, but I thought perhaps my violent temper had been the cause, and all my lies and the stealing. There was one girl there, she looked like a child; she had something the matter with her spine; I loved her, she was so gentle and patient always lying on her back, but she did beautiful work. She was working the Ten Commandments in different silks and wool to put each side of the Communion Table. She talked much to me about the love of Jesus. I could understand that Jesus loved her, she seemed good like my mother, but to love me, that was quite another thing. She always had power over me; that is to say, I would do anything to please her. Poor girl, all she said she thought was true.

What English history I learnt, as far as I can now recollect, was all bitter against Catholics. I remember thinking Queen Elizabeth quite charming. Then I heard dreadful tales about

priests and nuns, and they were constantly telling me my aunts were nuns. Again the recollection of my mother locking us up made me wonder! I learnt the Bible stories, read the New Testament, especially all about Our Lord's sufferings. I used to cry for hours together at night thinking of them, and wishing I was the good thief. They thought me good, because I gave over standing up and pretending to say Catholic prayers, but I had no faith; I could not feel like any of them. I only felt they did not know how wicked I always had been, neither did I like to tell them. With the girls I was popular, for I was full of fun and mischief; and one good point, I could always bear the blame and punishment whether I deserved it or not. I felt so sure I should go to hell some day that I did not mind much. I grew tall for my age, but thin and white. My brain was too busy; no one knew how I cried at night till I fell asleep. How I almost wished I had never been born. The good I learnt there only made me fear the more that I should never go to heaven.

What struck the girls so much was, when they received prizes or presents, even their nice clothes, I used to say to them, "You will have to leave it all when you die, what good is it? If you go to heaven then you will be always happy, but suppose you go to hell what then?" They said, "That is your Catholic notion, how miserable it makes you; why you can't enjoy anything like us. Believe in Jesus then you will go to heaven." "Oh, yes," I used to say to myself, "if He were on the earth; if He would forgive me like Magdalen, then I might believe." I remember once wishing Jesus had left some old man like Moses, and if we went and told him all the bad we had done, and promised not to do it again, that he would be able to tell us, that after we had suffered a long time in hell, for I had an idea of justice and punishment being necessary, we should be forgiven. But hell for ever! My mother's words, I could not drive them out of my mind. If only some day there was a chance of heaven! Then, I felt, Jesus would have done some good.

I think the school I was at was what they called Church of England, and they used the Book of Common Prayer. I can still remember their catechism and some hymns. I had been there over two years, when one Sunday, coming from church, I saw a poor, thin, rather miserable-looking boy near the door. He hung his head, looked so shy, and slipped

away. Then, when we had entered he pulled the bell. One of the ladies opened the door. Before I had left the passage, I heard my pet name. In a moment I put my arms round his neck and kissed him. He drew away, so shy, because many of the girls laughed. I did not care; he had got my father one night to write the address for him, and he walked all the way to see me, because he spent the money to buy me the best peppermints; he knew how fond I was of them. He gave me a little book, he had written his name in it, and a little boat he had carved. He was about ten years old then. I remember not minding how shabby he looked, but I sat down with him and told him all I had felt about him. He asked me if I liked being there. He looked at me, told me I had grown so nice; that first when he saw the house he was afraid; that he had been walking up and down hoping to see me; that though I looked so nice, he knew me among the others, that was how he got up his courage to ring the bell. He felt he could not go away without first trying to speak with me. He almost felt I should not care to own him. He did not complain of father, but later on I learnt from my father's own lips, all he had gone through. They did not leave me with him long, for it was the dinner hour. They offered him some, but not even I could persuade him, though I am sure he was hungry; neither could I make him take even one peppermint. They were done up so nice. I remember his telling me he gave the chemist a shilling, and three-halfpence to do them up nice, and he wanted the largest and the best for his sister. I never think of his love and sacrifice for *selfish me*, who taught him all the evil he ever learnt, without tears running down my cheeks. Much less can I write it. However, he promised to come and see me often now that he knew where I was, and, dear boy! he said, "I will coax father to get me some new clothes, and next time you shall see how smart I'll make myself, because you look so grand; perhaps the girls will tease you about me." I told him I did not care, and it would be bad for them if they said anything about him. Then we parted.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE WESTMINSTER VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THERE is at least a pleasing coincidence in the fact that the last section—St. Luke's Gospel, by Mgr. Joseph Dean, which is reviewed in the present issue—of the above-named commendable Catholic enterprise, was published just twelve centuries almost to the day after St. Bede had completed the earliest English translation, the Gospel of St. John. We should like to see in that fact evidence of the unbroken interest felt by Catholics of this country in the records of the life and teaching of Our Lord, and of their desire to peruse those records in their own tongue. But until reading became a common accomplishment and printing enabled copies to be multiplied; until, moreover, the appearance of unauthorized and incorrect renderings threatened to subvert the Church's teaching, it was neither possible nor necessary for her to transmit to the faithful at large her written tradition in the shape of vernacular versions of the Scriptures. The Douay Version of the Vulgate was her answer to misleading Protestant translations by Tyndale and other "reformers," and with the Douay Version (N.T., 1582; O.T., 1609) a translation of a translation, baldly literal of set purpose, and revised over and over again on no fixed principles, both here and in Ireland and in the States, English-speaking Catholics have had to be content for over three centuries. Attempts were made from time to time to present at least the Gospels more accurately, and in better guise. Dr. Lingard's "A New Version of the Four Gospels" appeared in 1836, and Father Francis Spencer published in the States "The Four Gospels: a new Translation from the Greek" in 1898, both works testifying to the desire of something more satisfactory than the Douay. And everyone has heard of the opportunity tragically missed, in the 'fifties of last century, of using J. H. Newman's unique mastery of English to produce a version of the Vulgate which might match in literary form the Protestant Authorized Version of 1611.¹ That failure shelved the question for several generations, yet perhaps there is less reason to regret the delay in that

¹ The dissatisfaction felt by Protestants with the faulty scholarship of their Authorized Version, which inspired the setting up, in 1870, of Committees to revise it, found expression as early as 1856, a year after the decision of the Second Provincial Council of Westminster "to secure an accurate rendering of the Sacred Scripture from the Latin Vulgate," in an unofficial attempt to produce a new translation of the New Testament. Apparently those concerned finished and published the whole New Testament. See letter to *The Times*, May 18th, and subsequent correspondence.

the text of the Vulgate has itself since then been brought under revision, whilst it is only in our own day that the labours of scholars have established a fairly satisfactory Greek text.

When, therefore, under Leo XIII and his successors, there arose a revival of devotion to the Holy Scriptures in the Church, the time seemed to have come to make another attempt to provide the English-speaking faithful with a "readable" Bible, as a necessary preliminary to its being read.¹ Hitherto, except in the case of certain large quarto editions, publishers were wont to sacrifice every typographical amenity to the natural desire 1) of providing the whole sacred library in a single volume, and 2) of keeping the cost as low as possible, with the inevitable result of turning out writings the most worthy of reverence with the least possible display of it. Small type, crowded pages, poor paper, cheap bindings and the minimum of elucidatory apparatus—by these means the double end was admirably secured: one got the whole Bible within a pair of covers at a very reasonable cost. But a more important end than either, so far from being secured, was positively impeded. Such productions invited neither study nor devotion. Accordingly, the new Version chose to put first things first and to prefer readableness and intelligibility to mere cheapness and convenience. Beginning with the New Testament it was determined, so as the better to reach the sense, to translate from the original, inspired Greek, to avoid the arbitrary divisions of the text which hinder understanding, and to equip the whole with such exegetical comment in the shape of introductions and notes as was necessary to bring out the meaning more clearly. This plan involved several volumes rather than one, whilst financial considerations necessitated the sectional production of each. As the whole was a private venture, although sanctioned by the highest authority, it had to make a very tentative beginning, funds were not always available, and other causes, such as the interruption of the Great War, brought about annoying delays. Thus the fifteen separate sections into which, for translation purposes, the New Testament was divided, appeared at irregular intervals from 1913 to the present year, a manner of publication which, although hardly avoidable in the circumstances, must have taxed the memory and tried the patience of the Catholic public. However, the steady sale of the separate sections when they were issued, and of the volumes as they were completed, has shown that the enterprise was appreciated. Especially marked was the reception given to Vol III, containing that portion of the New Testament which had fared worst at the hands of the Douay translators—"St. Paul's Epistles to the Churches," and which has had to be reprinted. Vol. IV

¹ Several articles in this periodical helped to precipitate the determination. For instance, "Wanted, a Readable Bible" (May, June, 1908) called attention to the reality of the need, and "The Obscurity of St. Paul" (January, 1911) stressed the handicap imposed by the Douay on reaching the Apostle's meaning.

("Hebrews, Pastorals, Apocalypse"), published in 1931, also showed the benefit of going back to the Greek originals, especially now that extensive discoveries of papyri have emphasized the distinction between classical Greek and that of early Christian times. The remaining volumes, complete in sections, will presently be "assembled," with continuous pagination and such correction of errata and other adjustments as are necessary. At present, for the convenience of students, it is proposed to continue as well the separate publication of the five sections containing the Gospels and the Acts.

However, the ambitions of the promoters of this enterprise and their ultimate object will not even then be realized. Apart from the translation of the Old Testament, of which only one section so far has been published, viz., the Prophecy of Malachy, but which is beyond the scope of the present notice, they aim at a one-volume New Testament, retaining all the typographical advantages of the four-volume edition, but omitting what in the latter has been mainly designed for students—textual notes and references, discussion of points of doctrine, and of variant readings, long Introductions and appendices; all the apparatus, in short, which turns a text into a classic edited for schools. The primary benefit of Bible reading is to illumine the mind and inspire the will through immediate contact with the word of God. Students are amply provided for by Biblical commentaries in all languages. What the ordinary devout English-speaking Catholic has hitherto lacked is a plain, uninterrupted version, corresponding faithfully to the originals, couched in dignified and harmonious language, paragraphed and otherwise divided according to sense, free from anachronisms and obsolete idioms, and with just sufficient notes to clear up obscurities in the text. Such will be the character of the single-volume New Testament which the Editors have already in hand.

During the score of years or so of its appearance the Westminster Version has, of course, provoked and profited by much helpful criticism. Those who did not recognize the real extent of the need it sought to supply and its relative success, were few and negligible. As for the style of the translation employed, opinions were bound to vary somewhat. In the work of translating, a struggle is always apt to arise between what the author actually says and what the translator is convinced that he means. And, in the case of an author like St. Paul, whose writings sometimes puzzled St. Peter himself, that dilemma comes frequently. Apart from the sublimity and novelty of his message, the Apostle's own inspired genius often found ordinary speech inadequate to express the marvellous richness of his thought. "There is no one" (it has been said), "who could not 'tidy up' St. Paul by supplying a word or two, or expanding an idea which would add precision and clearness, by straightening out a tangled sentence, by toning

down strained metaphors and indicating logical connexions, but the conscientious translator has no warrant to improve his author's style." On the other hand, he must not degrade it. Common speech is for common things, not for God's revelation. The mere accident of time has impressed a certain choiceness on Biblical speech which, so long as it is easily intelligible, is all to the good. There are many modern renderings of the New Testament by Protestants which are admirably clear, but only at the cost of fidelity to the text. They are paraphrases rather than translations. In the Westminster Version faithfulness and accuracy have never been sacrificed to mere literary form; on the other hand, where the sense does not suffer, the spirit of an analytical language like English as contrasted with the inflected periodic style of the Greek, has always been reckoned with. The Version is scholarly but not pedantic, and difficulties which an exact translation cannot remove have been explained in notes. It does not claim to be as yet perfect, but it hopes in course of time, by dint of discussion and suggestion, to become more so. And, meanwhile, its main object—accuracy, clearness, dignity—has been substantially attained.

J.K.

COBBETT'S CENTENARY.

CATHOLICS in this country should not allow the centenary of the death of William Cobbett which happened in June, 1835, to pass without grateful recollection of all that they owe to him. It was his vigorous polemics on behalf of their forefathers and their Faith, at a time when both were hated and despised by Englishmen, which did much to overthrow what had so long kept them in thrall—the combined forces of moneyed privilege and religious intolerance. As Catholics, and, for the most part, members of the lower classes, they found in Cobbett a vindicator of both their civil and religious rights, who by mere force of personality made a hearing for them when they were practically dumb, and fought for them when they were politically weak. Of course, they had champions of their own—O'Connell, Milner and the rest—and also enlightened Protestant friends like Sydney Smith, but the significance of Cobbett's attack upon the great Protestant Tradition was that it came, as violently as unexpectedly, from the rear, and so did more damage than any frontal assault.

The events of his tumultuous life are well known, but may be briefly recalled. He was born of yeoman stock at Farnham in Surrey in 1762, the year of the publication of Rousseau's "Social Contract," and died, six years after Catholic Emancipation, on the threshold of the Victorian era. He thus lived through the crucial years of the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars and the American War of Independence: he witnessed also two other revolutions, the Industrial and the Agrarian, and, almost alone

amongst his contemporaries, he appreciated the significance of those great movements. As a boy he followed his father's plough, but at the age of nineteen, meeting a stage-coach bound for London, he impulsively boarded it and arrived in the capital with the traditional half-crown in his pocket. In 1784, after nine months of uncongenial office-work, he enlisted in the army and served from 1785 to 1791 with the troops at New Brunswick, retiring honourably in the latter year with the rank of sergeant. Failing to prove a charge of peculation against some officers, he took refuge in France and thence, in 1792, for greater security, in America, where at the age of thirty, he discovered his true bent—polemical journalism. By his own persistent efforts he had now acquired a vast amount of miscellaneous information, a competent knowledge of French and a trenchant literary style.

Cobbett returned, in 1800, from America, where he had founded several short-lived journals, the hard-hitting style of which involved him in several libel actions and a ruinous fine. His reputation was already made, and political parties were anxious to secure his services. He was at heart a conservative, in the true sense, loving the good old days and ways, before Mammon got such a grip upon his country; before greed of land turned England from a country of small proprietors and open fields to a country of large estates and dispossessed labourers; before, some fifty years later, the chance of cheap production swept the landless villager into the vortex of dehumanized industry. And at that time the wild excesses of the French Revolution tended to make all thinkers more conservative. But he clearly saw the inevitable result of Pitt's famous funding of the National Debt which mortgaged the country's future for the benefit of a horde of "bankers, stock-jobbers, placemen and speculators," and definitely put the manipulators of money in control. Soon the conviction that no remedy for the injustices which oppressed the poor and the labourer could be hoped for from vested interests made him a radical. After Waterloo, when the distress of the people became ever more acute in the confusion of the post-war settlement, and a terrified Government adopted an unenlightened policy of repression, Cobbett gave up all hope of convincing the middle classes of the need for reform; and, as a sign that he had thrown in his lot with the Radicals, he actually exhumed the remains of his former enemy, Thomas Paine, and offered them for sale as relics! But a decade before that he had definitely abandoned official Toryism and, as early as 1802, he started the most widespread and influential of his writings, *The Weekly Political Register*, which, with amazing assiduity, he edited, sometimes from abroad, sometimes even from gaol, during the remaining thirty-three years of his life. In this journal he poured forth condemnation of the savage penal code, the degrading poor-laws, the political frauds, the increasingly bad factory conditions. In vain the Government tried to silence him;

he could not be bribed: friends paid his fines. He loathed the blind hypocrisy which tolerated, or even supported, social injustice at home, whilst agitating against slavery and similar abuses abroad. Wilberforce and the Wesleys were pet objects of his abhorrence,¹ as types of perverted philanthropists, who, instead of remedying inveterate abuses, urged the poor to be content with their degradation. He hated, too, the patronizing charity with which the nineteenth-century Evangelicals palliated their social conscience. He detested "lady-visitors who take soup to villagers"; he despised those schemes for "lending cows to cottagers" and other well-meant efforts of the philanthropic. He was perhaps unnecessarily harsh in all this; but he wanted Justice, without destroying Freedom, for the people; it was later that he came to admire the Catholic period in English history, because he saw that England, before the Reformation, had come nearer to uniting Justice with Freedom than at any time since.

Cobbett never joined the infidel section among the Radicals, but he was a true modern in his indifference to doctrine, and his insistence on the purely social aspects of religion. He bitterly attacked the Church of England to which he belonged because he saw that the Established Church had become the tool of the ruling classes. In his "Legacy to Parsons" he showed how, out of ten thousand incumbents, nearly six thousand were non-resident; and how, even of those who resided in their parishes, the vast majority moved only in the orbit of the rich. In his most famous book "Rural Rides," he comments on the alienation of sympathy from the Church of England: the people no longer attended the services. "A Dean, a big Church, and a fine Sunday—and ten labourers," he writes. He noted too that with religion happiness had left the English village, whereas abroad the Catholic peasant was able to maintain a community gaiety that atoned in some measure for his individual sorrows.

Cobbett, however, made no detailed study of Catholicism till, in the 'twenties, the Catholic Emancipation question raised its head. It was at first due rather to his dislike of Methodists than to his love of Catholics that he espoused the cause of the latter, but, as he read and studied the question, his attitude became more rational, and, as Cardinal Gasquet has pointed out, the perusal of Lingard's "History of England" finally convinced him of the substantial truth of the Catholic view of social history.

The Great Protestant Tradition was in possession. Lingard's academic pages could not reach the masses, who believed that, somehow the Reformation was an uplifting, liberating movement, raising the moral and physical standards of the people, delivering them from the bonds of priestcraft and superstition, opening to them unprecedented opportunities for culture and enlightenment.

¹ He wrote from America, on his second visit there in 1817: "No Bankers here! No Wilberforces! *Think of that!* No Wilberforces!"

Cobbett determined to tell England the truth he had discovered. He set to work with his usual vehemence and produced his brilliant "History of the Reformation in England and Ireland." He dared to defend "Bloody Mary"; he attacked "Good Queen Bess." He showed, by a wealth of figures, how the poor "popish man" had been better fed and clothed and had more real liberty than the "enlightened Protestant." Bursts of passionate declamation filled his book, alternating with the statistics and references by which he proved his contentions. The following is typical of his style—

Go and read this to the poor souls who are now eating sea-weed in Ireland, who are detected in robbing the pig-troughs in Yorkshire, who are eating horse-flesh and grains in Lancashire and Cheshire, who are harnessed like horses and drawing gravel in Hampshire and Sussex, who have two-pence a day allowed them by the magistrates in Norfolk, who are, all over England, worse fed than the felons in the gaols. Go and tell them when they raise their hands from the pig-trough or from the grain-tub, and with their dirty tongues cry "No Popery!"—go, read to the degraded and deluded wretches this account of the state of their Catholic forefathers, who lived under what is impudently called "Popish superstition and tyranny," and in those times which we have the audacity to call the "dark ages."

Modern sociological historians—the Hammonds, Cole, Penty, Tawney and others, to say nothing of Catholic writers—have developed and confirmed Cobbett's thesis. "Emancipated" from Catholicism, the individual becomes, sooner or later, a slave of the State, whether Fascist or Socialist. *Si argumentum requiris circumspice.*

Cobbett's "History" created a sensation in England, as well it might; it was translated into Italian, French and Spanish. To the surmise that he meant to join the Church, he replied—

I have made no converts to the Catholic Faith; but I have made thousands of converts to the truth respecting the cause of the Catholics. It is TRUTH that I have in view to implant in the minds of my countrymen; and not only from an abstract love of truth but also, because a knowledge of the truth is particularly useful at this time.

Cobbett lived to see Catholic Emancipation a fact, but, in spite of several attempts, he did not become a member of Parliament till 1832, when, at the age of seventy, he was, appropriately enough, elected a member of the first Reform Parliament—too old to make any mark on a bitterly hostile assembly. His strong personality had several obvious flaws. He was one-sided, pugnacious, inconsistent, not over-scrupulous in points of money and honour. There was little delicacy either in his character or his

style. He was a voluminous writer—his periodical literature alone fills one hundred volumes—but not a deep or accurate thinker. Unrivalled in the force and skill wherewith he presented facts as he saw them, he had not the leisure or the learning that go to the making of an historian or a philosopher. But he was a sincere lover of the poor and the oppressed, and a model husband and father. He detested Malthusianism, then just rearing its loathsome head. Had his advice and example been followed, the country would have better preserved that balance between industry and agriculture, so essential to the health of a State.

The upper classes hated him, but he was idolized by the people whose cause he adopted. With all his downright, unpoetical ways, he had a poet's eye for the beauty of the English country-side, and he wrote of it eloquently; and his keen sense of the social misery behind it made its loveliness poignant to him. Of all his writings perhaps only two survive in general literature—his "Rural Rides" (1830) a description, combining shrewd observation and skilful word-painting, of the English country-side, and the already-mentioned "History of the Protestant Reformation." But both exhibit the man at his best and, although the C.T.S. edition of the latter is apparently out of print, copious extracts from it form three Historical Pamphlets which Catholics should be keen to know and to make known.

A. P. MACKERRAS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: 1935.

THAT to-day we live in a transition period, a time still tinged with much that is obsolete in pre-War thought and not yet sufficiently emancipated from the upheaval caused by the War to tread a common path of new ideas, is no less evident again in this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy than it is in our literature and music, drama and dress. And so, due partly to the contrast between traditions striving to maintain themselves on the one hand, and new ideas and methods urgently claiming the right of expression on the other, there is an appearance of unrest, of conflict—on most of the walls. Or is it that we are, more than ever, a nation of individualists? But whether we prefer the new outlook to the old, or feel that novelty in aim is going hand in hand with a tendency to paganism in thought, certainly we cannot accuse our younger artists—or yet some of our older ones—of stale minds or lack of courage. Personally, I apprehend such a tendency as only a superficial, transitional thing. True, the number of actual religious subject-pictures is extremely small and not impressive (though Mark Symons's "Christ in History" is thoughtful and interesting, and there is both sincerity and original power in Ernest Procter's "Pieta" and Derek H. Clarke's "Nativity")

and many of the subject-pictures lack direction: they are often not so much subject-pictures as paintings of people doing not especially interesting things in not especially charming surroundings. But in our day the painter with modern vision, even more than the sculptor or the architect, is absorbed in new and exciting problems, problems of technique, pattern, the conveying of the emotion, the soul, of things experienced and seen, the substitution of a more dynamic quality for the static ones against which the French Impressionists first rose so brilliantly in revolt. Thus Richard Sickert's "Viscount Castlerosse," with its baffling effect of luminosity, of quick movement, as though both the subject and the light on him were caught at a moment barely arrived, just about to depart, undeniably leads the way to the realization of an impressionist outlook; and Stanley Spencer's—to many—repelling work, though we may prefer to relegate it to the category of caricature art of a distasteful type, should also be studied from this emotional angle. Revolutions were seldom achieved without excesses, and although while acknowledging what is able in an achievement one should not be misled into condoning offence to good taste, yet ultimately, I feel sure, exponents of a changed outlook in art will set out to produce results which will neither go against nature nor offend the devout mind.

Some of the most pleasing subject- and genre-pictures are W. Russell Flint's "Truth, with Discretion and Patience," a most beautifully ordered colour scheme, W. G. de Glehn's "Sleeping Beauty," Glyn Philpot's splendidly drawn "Acrobats," and Dod Procter's charmingly seen "Kitchen at Myrtle Cottage." Ernest Procter's "The Family" reveals itself as something more than an outdoor scene with rural parents and babe: it is nature seen with a truly devotional eye; and George Belcher's "Mourner," a clever study of type, if not attractive as a picture, is, I think, actuated by a less superficial motive than might at first appear. Madeline Green, in "The Three of Them," paints in a charm of style quite her own. Among portraits of highly individual calibre are Augustus John's uneasy-looking, but sensitively rendered, "Lord David Cecil," and his virile "T. Barclay Esq.," works typical of this master's ability to seize and portray the essential spirit throughout, and Gerald L. Brockhurst's "Mrs. Stanley Clarke" and "Zeitgeist," both notable examples of his rich, solid, vital work. In spite of its all-over finish and the isolation of every object depicted, in fact an entire ignoring of the use of shadow, Meredith Frampton's "Young Woman," after one's first recoil at the cold background colour, exercises, by reason of intense grace of handling, a quite extraordinary charm. Glyn Philpot's "Lady Melchett," with its beautifully drawn profile and unusual colour, and Philip Connard's delicate studies, should please lovers of an ethereal style, while Simon Elwes's "Duchess of York," Richard

Jack's "Young Canada," W. W. Russell's delightful genre-portrait, "The Lace Jacket," Kate Olver's "Jane and Susan," and Reginald Eves's sober portraits are all attractive, each in their own way. One cannot expect all pictures in an exhibition of this size to excite one's admiration or to bear comparison with those of acknowledged masters; but it is a little difficult to look with equanimity at such canvases as "Eve" in Gallery V, "Dawn" in Gallery IX, and "A Mother" in Gallery X.

There are many interesting landscapes. Sir H. Hughes-Stanton's fine, broad "Mykonos," Sir George Clausen's happy "May Morning" (Clausen never ages), Sydney Lee's "Hospice," so full of religious feeling, Stanhope Forbes's "The Potting Shed" and "The End of the Day's Work," most able paintings in the fading tradition, Henry Bishop's "Landscape near Fez," James Bateman's decorative "Westmorland Farm," Claude Muncaster's well-composed "Trees on the Edge of the Cornfield," Walter Goodin's green "Yorkshire Landscape," J. McIntosh Patrick's quaint and ingenious "Winter in Angus," and George H. Rose's delightfully keyed "Little Town in England" and his "Essex Plow"—works especially noteworthy coming from the brush of a little-known artist—should not be missed, nor Philip Connard's tapestry-like and decorative "Swans and Cygnets." Arnesby Brown's work, as usual, is arresting with its luscious quality, but this year it seems to lack selectiveness and simplicity in some way. Of numerous flower paintings in numerous styles, Dod Procter's "Flowers in a Black Jug" well deserves the good place it occupies: it is satisfying in arrangement and beautiful in colour and execution.

Among the watercolours and sculpture we find a more restful atmosphere. Of the former, W. Russell Flint's "Beach of Forgotten Days" is both masterly in handling and beautiful, a work I would gladly cherish, and the calm beauty and delicate draughtsmanship of Allanson Hick's "Ballast for Mariehamn" make of this picture a little masterpiece. These, together with Charles A. Morris's "Saddlescombe" and Cyril W. Edwards's "Building the Rick," are but four of the works that remind us how blessed are they who draw their inspiration direct from nature. Look, among the sculpture, at Ernest Gillick's "Ex Tenebris Lux," William King's "Creation," Bertram Pegram's "Serenitas in Rebus," H. W. Pallisser's "Goat," George W. Goodman's "Caught and Bowled," Sir W. Reid Dick's several works, and the late C. S. Jagger's most dignified presentment of the King.

J. JOSHUA.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- AMERICA: May 11, 1935. **Fisher**, by H. Belloc: **More**, by G. K. Chesterton. [Clear yet profound appreciations of the significance of their martyrdom.]
- CATHOLIC TIMES: May 17, 1935. **Mgr. James Nugent**, by Gabriel Ellis. [An account of a great Liverpool priest who was eminent for his philanthropic work.]
- CATHOLIC WORLD: May, 1935. "**Come on in: the War is Fine.**" [Editor regards European policies and finds little therein but blind and suicidal selfishness.]
- CITÉ CHRÉTIENNE: April 5, 1935. **Population et Birth Control aux États-Unis**, by Dr. R. de Guchteneere. [Describes the neo-Malthusian campaign and its appalling success in the States and the efforts to check it.] April 22, May 5, 1935. **Une Nouvelle Morale Sexuelle**, by Canon J. Dermine. [A profound analysis of the anti-Christian philosophy of Nudism and an exposure of its irrationality.]
- CLERGY REVIEW: May, 1935. **More** and **Fisher** number. [Articles on various aspects of the Martyrs' characters.]
- DUBLIN REVIEW: April, 1935. **The Future of National Government**, by Christopher Dawson. [The need of sound political ideals if the extremes of Fascism and Marxism are to be avoided.]
- ECCLIASTICAL REVIEW: May, 1935. **Description of a Missioner**, by Right Rev. James E. Walsh, M.M. [A detailed account of the difficulties met in the Chinese mission, and the qualities needed to overcome them.]
- HISTORICAL BULLETIN: May, 1935. **The Legacy of Machiavelli**, by L. K. Patterson. [Machiavelli's principles shown to be the source of the unChristian Totalitarian State.]
- IRISH MONTHLY: May, 1935. **Catholic Action for Historical Studies**, by T. Corcoran, S.J. [The need for Irish writers of revaluing English historical tradition.]
- SIGN: May, 1935. **Blaise Pascal**, by Hilaire Belloc. [An appreciation of the ecclesiastical import of Pascal's life and writings.]
- STELLA MARIS: April, May, 1935. **The Popes and Heretics**, by E. R. Hull, S.J. [An historical account of the policy of the Church in regard to formal heresy.]
- TABLET: April 20, 1935. **Modern Dictatorships**, by Christopher Dawson. [Report of a lecture, carefully analysing the sinister causes of the modern flight from Democracy.]
- UNIVERSE: May 3, 10, 17, 1935. **The Bridge between the Old World and the New**, by H. Belloc. [The Catholic Church and Faith remain the only permanent bond of unity between rapidly diverging material civilizations.]

REVIEWS

1—COMPLETION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT WESTMINSTER VERSION¹

WITH the appearance of the fascicle containing *St. Luke's Gospel*, the four-volume Westminster Version of the New Testament may be said to be complete, although the constituent parts of the first two volumes have still to be issued as single wholes. But these further tasks will not add anything new to what has already been done, beyond some possible improvements in matters relatively trifling. It is with the present fascicle that the serious labours of the editors come to a conclusion; to round off what has now been done is a task comparatively slight.

We owe this version of *St. Luke*, as we do the Gospels of *St. Matthew* and *St. Mark*, to Mgr. Dean, the President of Upholland, whose zeal and competence in the cause of biblical scholarship is as manifest here as it was in the former sections. The chief difficulty in editing *Luke* is to keep in touch with *Matthew* and *Mark*, so as to preserve a reasonable uniformity of translation and interpretation in dealing with parallel passages. In this, as in so much else, Mgr. Dean has shown an exact and painstaking erudition, so that the editors have felt more than justified in having entrusted him with all three Gospels; a policy always to be recommended where reasonably possible. [Uniformity of treatment of both *St. Luke's* works has been secured by Father C. Lattey, the Editor of the Acts, undertaking, with Mgr. Dean's consent, the Introduction to the Gospel as well.] The present Introduction is not so full as that of Acts, although it contains some independent Gospel matter, besides a textual discussion that is in part concerned with the Acts. *St. Luke* is second to none in importance as a New Testament writer, and we trust that this edition of his Gospel, added to that of Acts, may serve to bring out that importance. He is the careful historian both of Our Lord and of *St. Paul*. He is as intimate with the latter at the end of the story as with Our Lady at the beginning, and he exhibits many personal traits, such as sympathy and tenderness which greatly endear us to him. Doubtless he would have been the Evangelist of the Sacred Heart as well, had anyone less than *St. John* been there to dispute the title.

The Westminster Version has its place in a more general movement which aims at setting before Catholics reliable translations

¹ *The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures*. Vol. I, Part III. *The Gospel according to St. Luke*. London: Longmans. Pp. xxvi, 143. Price, 4s. net (wrapper) and 5s. net (boards).

made from the original tongues. These have appeared, or are appearing, in several European languages, and they are quite indispensable as a basis for the serious and scholarly study of the Bible. It is highly undesirable that Catholics should have to go to Protestant Bibles in order to discover what exactly the Bible really says. The Latin Vulgate is substantially faithful, and is, of course, safe as regards faith and morals, but if we take account of all passages whatever, whether important or unimportant, then it very often departs from the precise meaning of the originals. And although it is venerable from its age and history, and has official sanction behind it, we must remember that where it departs from the original, it is the original that is the inspired word of God. The appointment of the Benedictine commission to revise the current Vulgate itself bears witness to the need of correction; but even were this revision to produce always and without fail (as is its aim) the exact text of St. Jerome himself, it still would, as every translation must, be less trustworthy than the originals.

What has in the main been peculiar to the Westminster Version is the attempt to secure a translation that preserves a high literary standard, and to produce it in the best possible form. Upon the whole, the reception of the translation has been satisfactory. The price of the volumes and of the constituent fascicles, although unavoidably raised because of the conditions left by the War, has been lower than the excellent quality and rather complicated arrangement of the print would have warranted; those who understand these things will need no telling that the Westminster Version is really cheap at the price.

A word of regret must conclude this notice, that Cardinal Bourne, who graciously accepted the dedication of the work, and secured for it the approval of the hierarchy, should just have failed to see its substantial completion. To his memory, as of right, this final fascicle is dedicated.

2—CHINA¹

CONSIDERING the vastness of the subject, the writer of this manual deserves great credit for his performance. No other country, with the exception of India, can present so many and such difficult problems. Professor J. Percy Bruce, an expert in Chinese questions, says in his foreword, that Lieut-Commander Elwell-Sutton is "concise and yet comprehensive": this is indeed high praise.

The author rightly dwells at some length on the chief religions of China. Of these Tao-ism is the most ancient and the most

¹ *The Chinese People: their Past, Present and Future.* By A. S. Elwell-Sutton. London: Nicholson & Watson. Pp. 253. Price, 4s. 6d.

fundamental. According to this system there is no supreme personal ruler of the universe; but at the back of all things there is an immense force or motive power which maintains all creatures in being and makes for order and harmony. The goal of human beings is union with the Tao. It is responsible for an element of fatalism in the moral make-up of the Chinaman and also for the spirit of somewhat Machiavellian manœuvring by which the circumstances of life are adjusted to the main purpose of existence. There are two principles—male and female—running through all creation, “Yang” and “Yin,” typified respectively by the dragon and the tiger. On the more or less successful balancing of Yang and Yin depend the ups and downs of history; and China has often been the victim of violent vicissitudes, with long-drawn periods of disorder.

Kung Fu Tsu (Confucius)—born 551 B.C.—by his system of positive philosophy, set his stamp indelibly on the more intellectual side of Chinese civilization. He occupies himself entirely with this world and mainly with the individual. His aim is to establish a firm and solid ethical character, worthy of a parent and a citizen.

The fact that Buddhism effected its entry into China—the date of this event is difficult to fix in the narrative—shows that the Celestials have not always been as exclusive as they are supposed to be. In as far as Buddha really affected the religious atmosphere, his influence was unfavourable to that family life which is the chief glory of that country.

References are made on half a dozen pages to the attempts to introduce Christianity. The reader might suspect these of being unsympathetic; but in his short and pregnant forecast of the future—a matter fraught with untold consequences—the author expresses the hope that eventually Christianity may provide the remedy for China's troubles. Darwin and Spencer have certainly been to blame for a good deal of recent unrest. Confucius was a better guide.

It is a very readable book; but one also worthy of close study. The bibliographies at the end of each book are most impressive. The index, which let me down once, is full and reliable. On p. 101 the scholar is spoken of as having “long nail-cases”: what are these? Whatever they may be, it is edifying to know—p. 52—that triumphal arches were erected in honour of scholars rather than of warriors, and that gunpowder was used for driving away evil spirits, not for destroying human beings. Several of the bad practices of China were introduced from abroad. “Unco-ordinated”—p. 122—looks a little odd; but possibly the two dots over the second “o” have gone out of fashion. Allusions to the “sacred jade”—p. 19—“Palace of Jade” and “Jade Emperor”—p. 25—call for a word of explanation. But all these are small blemishes compared with the many excellencies of this most helpful treatise.

A.F.D.

3—THE JEWS AND RITUAL MURDER¹

UNDER the anti-Semitic Hitlerian regime in Germany the old "ritual murder" calumny has been once more revived. In THE MONTH (June, 1898, and November, 1913) we have twice set out in some detail the reasons for rejecting this accusation and for declaring it to lack any foundation in Jewish observances officially, or even unofficially, recognized by the Rabbis of that ancient race. The book before us, after lightly touching on the case of little William of Norwich and some other alleged child martyrs in the Middle Ages, proceeds to cite the utterances of several of the Roman Pontiffs, notably Innocent IV, Gregory X, Martin V and Paul III, all of whom acquit Judaism, as a creed, of any such teaching or practice. In an appendix we have also a selection of recent expressions of opinion by representative scholars, statesmen and ecclesiastics. For its bearing upon the extravagances of the Reich Commissioner, Herr Julius Streicher, whose article, published a year ago in *Der Stürmer*, has once more stirred up all the mud, a paragraph from the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter to *The Times* will bear repetition. He wrote concerning this number of the journal in question:

Though, significantly, its export from Germany was prohibited, I have just been able to get a copy of it. It rakes up legends and lies about the alleged custom of ritual murder by the Jews which have been over and over again exposed. It contains a series of gruesome and disgusting illustrations. It seems almost incredible that such a publication recalling the worst excesses of medieval fanaticism [the Archbishop might also have included the fanaticisms of the Puritan witch trials or of the Popish Plot] should have been permitted in any civilized country; yet it bears the name of a high officer of the Reich.

But the principal feature of the book, and that which occupies more than half of its hundred pages, is the text and translation of the report by the Franciscan Lorenzo Ganganelli (afterwards Pope Clement XIV), who, in the days of Benedict XIV, was deputed to investigate this question of alleged ritual murder. The Jews of Poland, smarting, very naturally, under so unjust an accusation, had appealed to the Sovereign Pontiff to do them justice. Ganganelli was appointed by the Congregation of the Holy Office to inquire into the matter, and after obtaining from Poland through the Papal Nuncio, Visconti, all the available evidence, he drew up, what is here styled "one of the most remarkable, broad-minded, and humane documents in the history of the Catholic

¹ *The Ritual Murder Libel and the Jews*. Edited by Cecil Roth. The Woburn Press (1935). Pp. 112. Price, 7s. 6d.

Church, a document which will always cause his memory to be cherished in gratitude and affection by the Jewish people." It completely exonerates the Jews from the charges brought against them, and in due course, under the succeeding Pope, Clement XIII, the Polish Minister was informed that "the Holy Office, having lately investigated all the foundations of the erroneous belief that the Jews use human blood in the preparation of their unleavened bread, and for that reason are guilty of the slaughter of Christian children, have come to the conclusion that there is no evidence whatever to substantiate this prejudice." Until recent times Ganganelli's report was known only through copies of Jewish provenance, and a doubt was raised as to its authenticity. In 1913, accordingly, Lord Rothschild wrote to the Vatican asking for confirmation. The then Pontifical Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, replied in a courteous letter that comparison with the original had been made and that the copy was substantially authentic. A curious point in the case, of which probably Lord Rothschild was not aware, is that the del Vals venerate in their own family a child martyr, Domingo del Val, who, it is alleged, was put to death by the Jews to supply the blood for these ritual cakes. Many years ago the present writer, after a visit to the late Cardinal's mother at Brussels, was presented with a booklet on the subject written by Father Kiekens, S.J. The translation of Ganganelli's report in the work before us is not quite flawless. *Apostolici indulti* are not "Indulgences" (p. 69) but indults, and on the same page it is not "Antonio" who wrote the *Summa Istorica*, but S. Antonino, and so on; but in the main the rendering is correct enough.

H.T.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

A VALUABLE addition to the "Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge," published at 3s. 6d. net per volume by Messrs. Sands & Co., is No. XXIV, **The Blessed Trinity: History, Theology, Spirituality**, by the Rev. V.-M. Breton, O.F.M., translated by the Rev. B. V. Miller, D.D. Despite its abstruse and mysterious subject, it is a singularly lucid little treatise, conveying a great deal of knowledge about the teaching of Our Lord and of the early Church; and even in the theological portion, wherein doctrine, as the painful elaboration of the Athanasian Creed testifies, is apt "to break through language and escape," showing a commendable precision and clarity. The perusal of the volume cannot fail to deepen the spiritual life of the reader, for, according to the section dealing with practical devotion to the

Trinity, the contemplation of this mystery has always done so amongst the Christian people. The translation reads in every way like an original.

BIBLICAL.

The *Institutiones Biblicae* of the Biblical Institute at Rome have been divided up between the professors, so that each department of the introduction to Holy Scripture is dealt with by an expert who, none the less, is careful to preserve the unity of the whole work. It is very important for the progress of Biblical studies that this excellent example should be followed, it being practically impossible nowadays that a single scholar should be competent to deal with the whole of such a vast and rapidly developing subject. An example of this is to be found, we fear, in the *Praelectiones Biblicae in usum scholarum* (Vetus Testamentum, Liber I, De Sacra Vet. Test. Historia) (Marietti: 30 l.), begun by Father Simon, C.S.S.R., and now being continued by Father Prado, C.S.S.R. It is easy to fill out a book with Old Testament history, but when we come to the real difficulties, such as those of Genesis (Creation, Fall, Flood and the rest), the treatment seems to us too superficial to afford a sufficient grounding for our future priests, at all events in this country. In the same way there is no serious attempt to face the question of Darius the Mede (p. 449), about whom, for instance, Mr. Rowley has just brought out a book ("Darius the Mede," Cardiff, 1935), which we recommend to the author's attention if he wishes to tackle real difficulties. On the subject of the Elephantine papyri again (p. 499), we should much like to know how he imagines that the Jews who fled with Jeremiah to Egypt picked up Aramaic. It would have been easy to compress the matter elsewhere sufficiently to find room for the more thorough discussion of these more pressing problems.

If Professor Dougherty's *Outlines of Bible Study* (The Bruce Publishing Co., New York; British Agent, G. Coldwell, London: 8s. n.) does not fall under the same condemnation, it is because the Introduction tells us that "it aims to teach young people how to study the Bible," not, therefore, students for the priesthood, who need sterner stuff. The book contains a very short treatment of introductory questions, Old Testament and New Testament, with a selection of Biblical readings. It is quite elementary but well got-up and readable. The real drawback to it is the price, necessary, no doubt, because of high "overheads" in the States, but an obstacle to wide diffusion in this country.

The well-known "Scripture Manuals for Catholic Schools," from which several generations of Catholic youth have gathered their knowledge of the New Testament, have not only been greatly reduced in price, but also, in process of revision, have been provided with new and very complete Introductions, General and Special, which must needs add much to their utility. **St. Mark**

has already appeared (B.O. & W.: 290 pp., 2s. 6d.) for which the Rev. C. W. Donnelly, S.J., has furnished both Introductions, and now **St. Luke** has just been published at the same low price, with the Special Introduction provided by Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. The books have in view the requirements of the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations, but serve as well for the ordinary reader who wishes to understand the New Testament.

APOLOGETICAL.

If popular in exposition, nevertheless, **God: Does He Exist?**, by T. M. Lovat Fraser (Ouseley: 1s.) is an excellent summary of the arguments for the existence of God, the First Cause, the Creator of the Universe, the Foundation of the Moral Law, etc. The author then goes on to analyse the significance of the Incarnation and the events of the Life of Our Lord, still with his eye on the honest thinker, who has nothing but his ordinary experience to help him. The teaching of Christ, His miracles, His power to forgive sins, His personal claims, are well put; the book concludes with a summary and an appeal to the man of goodwill.

The first volume of **Apologetics for the Pulpit**, by Father Aloysius Roche (B.O. & W.: 6s.), may prove even more useful than his former works to the hard-worked parish priest, who, nevertheless, wishes to give his people the best he can in his sermons. Father Roche covers much ground. Under some forty headings he treats of subjects which come from, rather than are contained in, the Christian creed—Order, Religion and Irreligion, Revelation, Christ our Lord, the Church in history, Mysteries in Religion, etc. For all of these forty subjects a short study is suggested, with the author's own summary in the background, but confirmed by many references and quotations which are evidence of much observation and reading.

The word "bourgeois" has come, of late years, to have a depreciative meaning, and it is in that sense that M. Nicholas Berdyaev analyses and thunders against it in **The Bourgeois Mind** (Sheed & Ward: 3s. 6d.). With biting irony he shows that the Bolshevik mind, in spite of its professions, is in reality nothing more than this type of bourgeois mind, carried to the furthest extreme, and destroying in its course every other form of selfish mediocrity. The second essay, "Man and Machine," carries on the argument, proving that man, by perfecting his control of the things of this world for his own advantage, is really only destroying himself. In the third and fourth essays, "Christian Activity" and "The Worth of Christianity and the Unworthiness of Christians," he attacks his subject from another angle; contrasting the dead end to which materialism must inevitably lead, with that "inner spiritual principle" which, with all its human failures, is of the essence of Christianity. Failures there have been, un-

worthy Christians there will always be, those who keep the name and no more; he concludes with the natural exhortation that Christians should prove their worth by action even more than by philosophy and books.

As an apologetic treatise on Lourdes, *La Vierge de Lourdes*, by Abbé J. Koenig (Téqui: 15.00 fr.), is extremely well arranged, and therefore most useful, though of course the matter is not new. The author first gives the facts, both the apparitions and some of the miracles; then, in a second part, he applies these facts to various attitudes of mind, atheist, idolatrous, Jewish, Protestant, nationalist. This second part is the original portion of the book, and affords useful reading; a third part, addressed to believers, draws out the significance of Our Lady of Lourdes, especially in the words she is recorded to have said.

DEVOTIONAL.

The course of thirty sermons preached by M. l'Abbé A. Brenon, and called as a whole *Celui qui nous aime* (La Bonne Presse: 6.00 fr.), deals theologically and practically with that inexhaustible theme, the love of the Sacred Heart for mankind, and shows how Christ is the model of all virtues and provides in His Church the means of attaining them.

A second volume of the "*Œuvres Choisis de St. Jean Eudes*" contains, in over 600 pages, the Saint's *Méditations sur divers Sujets* (Lethielleux: 20.00 fr.). Readers of St. John Eudes will know beforehand the method of this volume; the fluency of style which belongs rather to the preacher than the student, the combination of reasoning and prayer, the one running easily into the other, the adaptation of scripture, after the manner of St. Bernard. The meditations are collected under ten headings; none will attract attention more than the sections on the Heart of Mary and the Heart of Jesus, both of which were written, of course, considerably before the apparitions to St. Margaret Mary.

The excellent studies, which have of late multiplied in France, drawn from the volumes of the great French orators, have made those masters much more accessible to the ordinary reader. In *La Vierge Marie*, Chanoine J. Chapeau has put together a complete treatise taken from the sermons of Monsabré (Lethielleux: 12.00 fr.). The passages are not too short to allow the reader to appreciate the author's smooth and dignified eloquence; they are arranged under three main titles, with an analytical Table of Contents, and another Table to assist the reader in Month of May devotions.

So much during the long course of Christian history has been written by Saints and others on methods of access to God our End, both now and hereafter, that no spiritual writer of modern times can hope, or indeed should desire, to be original. Yet we are constantly being invited to contemplate the "secret" of this

or that holy person, as if what is thus disclosed were not more or less openly proclaimed in the New Testament. All that later writers have elaborated are but variations on the same inspired theme, just as the "spirits" of various Religious Orders are but aspects of the same Holy Spirit, *dividens singulis prout vult*. Apart from external matters of dress, discipline and function, they are "characterized," not by their exclusive properties, but by the different emphasis severally placed on the same common virtues. Dom Raymond Thibaut, O.S.B., who has laboured long and successfully to make known the spiritual teaching of the famous Abbot Marmion of Maredsous, would be the last to claim for it the equivocal credit of novelty: rather in the last work devoted to his master's memory—**Union with God according to the Letters of Direction of Dom Marmion** (Sands: 7s. 6d.)—which has been translated by Mother Mary of St. Thomas, a nun of Tyburn, he is at pains, in selecting and classifying extracts from a voluminous correspondence, to show how faithfully the teaching of the great director of souls harmonizes with the Scriptures and the Church's ascetical tradition. Dom Marmion wrote from the fullness of a heart steeped in that tradition, which takes new life and colour from the picturesque clarity of his expression of it and the skill with which he adapted it to the varied needs of those he guided. Archbishop Goodier, in a touching Introductory Letter testifies to the simplicity and sympathy which informed all Dom Marmion's teaching.

HISTORICAL.

"Qui dit benedictin, dit homme de la louange divine," says the author, M. l'Abbé Simon, of **La Règle de Saint Benoît Commentée** pour les Oblats de son Ordre et pour les Fidèles dans le Siècle (Emmanuel Vitte: 27.00 fr.), so the publication of this Commentary is very apt, now that the Liturgy is coming into its own once more. Even in England and Wales the Benedictine monasteries, centres of the liturgical life, are gathering round them bands of devoted Oblates, priests and laity, men and women. It is for such primarily, and also for all the faithful who draw their spiritual inspiration from the prayer of the Church, that this volume has been written, and it is to be hoped that there will be a sufficient demand for it to justify an English rendering at an early date. After a series of Approbations by way of Preface, there follows an Introduction dealing with the subject of Benedictine Oblates, tracing their historical development. This is particularly useful, for in England, at any rate, many people look on them as forming a Third Order, if they know of their existence at all! But the distinction is radical; an Oblate is attached to a particular monastery, whereas a Tertiary belongs to the Order as such. A good deal of variety exists in the different Benedictine Congregations as to the status of Oblates. The modern tendency is to assimilate the religious life of the Oblate as closely as possible with

that of the monk, and the author of the Commentary before us evidently views the subject in that light: but the older custom required no kind of postulancy or year's novitiate, and was ready to receive persons as Oblates directly they were sufficiently known to warrant their suitability for affiliation with the monastery. The text of the Holy Rule used by Abbé Simon is the "textus receptus," and the division into daily portions is that of the French Congregation. To each portion an explanation is appended, followed by a practical application. The explanations are clear, succinct, and based on the best authorities. The various readings of disputed passages are adequately discussed without being overloaded with references, and the applications are excellent; seldom forced, always practical, and showing admirable discrimination. For those who wish to learn something, or more, of the spirit of St. Benedict, and have neither time nor inclination to study the longer and more technical Commentaries, we heartily recommend this book. The proof-reading might have been more careful.

It is good that people should from time to time see themselves as others see them, and read their history as others read it. In *Papineau*, by R. Rumilly (Flammarion: 12.00 fr.), we are virtually told the story of French Canada in the days after the British conquest; it is a story that rings painfully true, of a stupid attempt to turn Frenchmen into Englishmen, resisted by a noble race unto blood, until at last the ruling power had the sense to see that a loyal Canadian need not necessarily resemble the product of a London Council school. When it had learnt that, then Canada was at peace, but the work took more than one generation. Papineau, the hero of the struggle on the French side, is described in this volume; his great grandson died in 1917, leading a Canadian regiment at Passchendaele.

The Editor of *Orientalia Christiana* announces a new and important development in that valuable publication. Henceforth two distinct series are to be issued: *Orientalia Christiana Analecta*, which will be devoted to monographs on subjects connected with Eastern Christianity, and *Orientalia Christiana Periodica*, a periodical appearing four times a year, which will admit articles of a less severely technical character than the *Analecta*. The first number of the *Periodica* gives excellent promise for the future. The articles are in English, French, German, and Italian. We would call special attention to a conference given at the Pontifical Institute for Oriental Studies by Father I. Hausherr: "Les grands courants de la spiritualité orientale," which throws much light on the difference between the ascetical ideals of Eastern and Western Christianity.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

There is no greater "mystery-man" among the characters of the French Revolution than Jean Paul Marat, and in attempting

to elucidate that mystery Mr. Piers Compton, in his new volume, **Marat** (Muller: 5s.), undertakes a hard task. Was Marat truly a leader of science, or was he a charlatan? Was he truly a lover of the people and of freedom, or was he only an embittered enemy of aristocracy in its various forms? Was he sane, or was he a madman? Perhaps Mr. Compton leaves us still in doubt, as a faithful biographer can scarcely fail to do; but one thing at least he has done, he has provided the material to enable the reader to form his own opinion. The crowded canvas of the Revolution at times takes our attention away from the main subject; but Mr. Compton always brings us back, showing us action and reaction, for how much of this Marat must be held responsible, and how much the story of blood influenced him, diseased as he was in body and mind. The end, known to all, comes with a flash, and raises the further question: Was Charlotte Corday also mad, and are these two, a madman and a madwoman, the chief actors in the tragic drama?

M. l'Abbé Lequercq has drawn with no uncertain hand, in **Albert Roi des Belges** (Editions de la Cité Chrétienne, Bruxelles), a delightful pen-portrait of the late King of the Belgians. As he remarks in the Preface, it is too soon to attempt any detailed biography, but he has come very near to what he describes as the impossible task of determining the character of King Albert. He has grasped the essential traits, and has emphasized them judiciously, while at the same time he gives us some illuminating sidelights on the King's personality. King Albert had no natural bent for royalty; he preferred mechanics; but he realized what the "métier de roi" demanded, and assisted when necessary at functions and ceremonies, though appearing somewhat distraït. All his life he displayed a certain aloofness which made Leopold II speak of him as "une enveloppe fermée." This quality arose partly from a certain natural shyness, but it often served him in good stead, especially in critical circumstances, united as it was with a serenity and impartiality which effectually cooled down any manifestation of hot passions. He was not a man of many words; his public utterances were always crisp and to the point. Like the Holy Father he had the mountaineer's instinct for the need of the moment, and the same resourceful mind with which to meet it. His devotion to duty was absolute, and when the War broke out he shouldered the whole responsibility, and personally conducted operations in the field, to the amazement of some and the embarrassment of others who would have preferred to deal with a lesser authority. But above all, he believed that it was "moral forces which are the life of a nation," and he laboured unceasingly to develop them in Belgium. Always constructive in his policy, he had the happy faculty of seeing what made for real progress in every project, and was not afraid to manifest his sympathy with

it, though by no means committing himself to every detail. M. l'Abbé has brought out this point very clearly in speaking of the King's relations with the Socialists, and it was in this way that King Albert won their esteem, and eventually their affection, so that they joined whole-heartedly in the national mourning at the King's death.

Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., has republished in a separate volume called **Anglican Memories** (B. O. & W.: 2s. 6d.) the account of his conversion which originally appeared amongst other similar memories in *The City of Peace*, nearly forty years ago. But now the names of persons and places need no longer be fictitious, which fact adds much to the interest of the narrative. Everything is valuable which throws light upon the strange mentality of those who aim at being Catholics without submitting to the Head of the Church, and Dom Bede, who was joined in friendship with many who later accepted the grace of Faith, has much to say of the various degrees of inculpable delusion which hold so many back. An Appendix gives the main facts of the narrator's life in the Church, and also of that of the late Dom John Chapman, O.S.B., which was closely linked with his.

The library of lives of our newly-canonized Saints, St. John and St. Thomas, naturally enough grows apace, yet none of the recent additions, although they do not profess to be drawn from new sources and original research, can be thought superfluous. Father McNabb's **Saint John Fisher** (Sheed & Ward: 2s. 6d. n.) is an eloquent spiritual commentary on the character of the great prelate, whose unworldliness was at all points in such strong contrast with the secularized Episcopacy of his time, and no opportunity is missed of showing by modern instances the real nature of the Tudor tyranny, the antetype of the Totalitarian State, and of the opposition based on the infeasible rights of conscientious convictions so often denied or travestied to-day. For St. John, as well as St. Thomas, both asserted, not merely personal belief, but claimed to be one in faith with the Church militant and triumphant, the mystical Body of Christ. A more penetrating study of that great spiritual drama which seemingly ended on Tower Hill four centuries ago, but did not achieve its real *dénouement* till May 19th last, has not yet appeared in English.

Messrs. Sheed & Ward also publish the English original of the official summary of the lives of the newly-canonized, presented to the Roman court, the Cardinals and other dignitaries, on occasion of the canonization. Mgr. Richard Smith, Vice-Rector of the English College, is its author, and he has skilfully combined, under the title **John Fisher and Thomas More: Two English Saints** (6s. n.), the biographies of the two martyrs, who were united not only in their final heroic witness, but in many circumstances of their lives and details of their characters. Ten years only, it is

now generally agreed, separated their birthdays, and although earlier their walks in life lay largely apart, their identical stand at the end against forces to which their compeers, clerical and lay, unanimously succumbed, joins them indissolubly both in time and eternity. Mgr. Smith, after sketching briefly the times in which they lived, follows their careers at considerable length in alternate chapters until their fortunes merged when they met with the King's disfavour. The attack and the repulse are admirably told: the aim of Henry was, first to win their assent to his iniquities and, when that failed, to bring them within reach of his murderous laws. Mgr. Smith marshals his materials well, has a lively and picturesque style, and is at pains incidentally to vindicate his heroes from the charges which ignorance or malice have tried to fasten on them. No better book could be imagined for its purpose, and it may hold its own amongst others devoted to a more profound and exhaustive treatment. The ordinary reader will need nothing more detailed.

LITERARY.

On the last page of his *Newman en zijn Idee of a University* (N. V. Standaard-Bockhandel, Antwerp), Professor Paul Sobry of Louvain has a note in English that opens as follows: "The principle underlying the present volume is that, according to the saying, *le style n'est que la pensée de détail*, the detailed thought of an author is not thoroughly caught, before having carefully scrutinized and cross-examined all the organic elements of his style." Accordingly, to show the working of Newman's mind, the writer has analysed the "Idea of a University," according to the principles he was taught by Professor Richards of Cambridge and Professor Hatzfeld of Heidelberg. "As a fellow of Oriel Newman noticed in himself and his fellow-students a tendency to place intellectual values above orthodoxy and moral perfection, and, thanks to his deeply religious disposition and his ethical sensitiveness, enlightened also by grace, he shrank from what it would lead to. From this tendency and this reaction was born in him a 'leitmotiv' that in many variations can be heard in almost every one of his literary works. It is, therefore, important fully to grasp this 'leitmotiv' to be able to distinguish it wherever it occurs and to give it its full meaning" (p. 71). Without going into Newman's connexion with the Oxford Movement and his conversion, Professor Sobry devotes the first hundred pages of his book to a historical outline of the origin and development of the apparent dualism in Newman's mind, all the time stressing the fundamental importance of his experience at Oriel. The second half of the book is an attempt to prove what the author has pointed out in the first half, by analysing the various ways in which Newman expresses

his thought. There is no doubt but that Professor Sobry has devoted much careful research to the writing of this book, but we think him a little overbold when he states, in the introductory chapter, that he at long last has discovered where to place "the point of one's compasses" to measure Newman's mind. We regret that for the benefit of English readers he did not express in that language the grounds on which he dissents from certain statements of Father T. Corcoran, S.J., concerning Newman's apparent separation of the intellectual from the moral in the Preface to the "Idea." The book is another example of the strange fascination Newman's way of thinking has for scholars on the Continent, and it forms a valuable addition to the existing literature on Newman.

POETRY.

In noticing the very timely and interesting compilation called *Lyra Martyrum: the Poetry of the English Martyrs, 1503—1681*, which the Rev. Sir John O'Connell has edited with a long and scholarly Introduction, an initial question is suggested by the title. Out of the 360 men and women who are reckoned as the English martyrs the religious poems of only six are here collected, for the simple reason that only six wrote any poetry. Can the work of these six be fairly called the "Poetry of the English Martyrs"? Again, the dates between which the death penalty was inflicted are generally reckoned as 1535, when the first Henrician victims suffered, and 1681 when Charles II executed Blessed Oliver Plunket. Why, then, is 1503 mentioned as inaugurating the period of martyrdom? We might think it a misprint if it did not appear twice in the text and prominently on the title page. Apart from these cavillings, we have nothing but praise for the work here brought together. Austere poetic critics, who require a certain metrical technique and mastery of form as well as elevation of thought in candidates for the bays, might reckon only one of the six as a genuine poet, viz., the Blessed Robert Southwell. He has his acknowledged place in the English tradition. St. Thomas More, an accomplished *littérateur*, could turn out good verse as well as vibrant prose; he is to be honoured as a pioneer; but the instrument had not then got the full richness and flexibility that a later generation was to develop. Still, readers will look rather to the matter than the manner. It is intensely interesting to find martyrs "poetizing" on the fate of their contemporaries or predecessors as Blessed Henry Walpole does about Blessed Edmund Campion, and incidentally showing how thoroughly they understood and condemned the false "Church" which connived at, if it did not compass, their deaths. The volume is excellently produced by Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne at 6s.

Tobias, by E. K. Ellis, Seatonian Prize-Poem for 1934, is an attractive publication by the Cambridge University Press, priced

at 1s. n. The Scripture story is re-told with dignity, and a measure of beauty in the telling.

Dignity also characterizes the "Devotional Lyrics" of Mr. H. Harrold Johnson—*The Voice of One* (Blackwell: 2s. 6d. n.). The author, who has already written three, and planned four similar "selections," claims for them in his Foreword that they sound "a catholic note that all may sing"; it takes, however, more than a stray platitude or two, to precipitate the true "catholicism"—still using the term in its general sense—from the welter of fancy and conjecture, however cunningly evolved and elaborated. But there is sincerity and the expression of a real aspiration in these lyrics.

FICTION.

A competent knowledge of Egypt and the desert, joined to a picturesque style, makes Mr. Compton Irving's novel *The White Sheikh* (Mortiboy's: 7s. 6d.) agreeable reading. It is essentially a romance, dealing with the clash of affections amongst several men and women in exceptional circumstances, but it is not exaggerated or unseemly, and ends happily, with only one unworthy heart unsatisfied.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Joc and Colette on the Seashore, by Vera Barclay, illustrated by Johanna Duby (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), is a fascinating present for parents to give to their children just before setting off for a holiday at the seaside, and if those same parents dip into it themselves beforehand, we can promise them a most interesting hour. The young folk will be stimulated by it to find endless healthy interests on the shore without danger of falling into worse mischief than an occasional ducking in a particularly entrancing pool! Moreover, the book suggests a source of winter occupation in visits to any Natural History museum within reach of home. The authoress has contrived, not unskillfully, to convey some even deeper lessons than those on natural science which abound. The illustrations are just what they should be for their purpose, and the Synopsis of Teaching at the end is a useful addition.

We welcome *More Pilgrim Ways*, by F. I. Cowles (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), as a further praiseworthy addition to the author's other "pilgrim" books, which give us a glimpse into some of the beauties of our Catholic heritage in England and Wales. The building of Buckfast Abbey has helped to dispel many errors concerning monastic life current in England, so that many Protestants will now have a better and more correct insight into the meaning of such places as Fountains and Rievaulx, Furness and Cartmel, of which we are here given a sympathetic account. Even they will realize the anomaly of such a proceeding at Fountains as that described on p. 53: "I remember how, only two years ago, when, to mark the eight-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the

abbey, we asked permission to celebrate Mass in the church, we were met with a blank refusal. . . . And yet, such is the humour of the situation and the tragedy of it, that Protestants of all denominations met together in this church and held a service to celebrate the abbey's foundation. Men and women who had nothing in common with the monks who erected the abbey took part in an empty show." With reference to the statement made on p. 77 that: "It is said that the true resting-place of the saint's relics [St. Cuthbert] is known only to three Benedictine monks," we can state that this is a certain fact, one of the three being always the President of the English Congregation. The three monks are sworn to secrecy.

Caravanning, which means a return to Nature and the "simple life," grows in attractiveness as civilization becomes more complex, and dull indeed must be the narrative of such experiences which does not interest even the stay-at-home. No such reproach attaches to the story of **The Brown Caravan** (Heath Cranton: 3s. 6d. n.) which wandered, under charge of Mr. Anthony Rowe who writes about it and Mr. Peter Anson who illustrates its wanderings, through the pleasant country between London and the Severn. The reader follows them willingly through a series of events which hardly amount to adventures, and makes the acquaintance of various religious houses in those regions which the travellers made a point of visiting. An unnecessary use of "strong language" somewhat mars the easy flow of Mr. Rowe's narrative, and Mr. Anson's twelve black and white drawings, though effective, are not in his most pleasing style.

From P. Téquì, Paris, comes **Le Merveilleux Corps Humain** (pp. lx, 221; 20.00 fr.), by Dr. Carlos d'Eschevannes. This little book is divided into two parts: the first being devoted to a brief outline of the anatomy and physiology of man, the second to hints on first aid. While it is interestingly written and contains much accurate information, we find it difficult to determine what class of reader would find the book useful. It is too brief and incomplete for medical students and nurses—the whole of the central nervous system, for instance, is dismissed in four pages; on the other hand, it is too technical for those who have little or no knowledge of medical matters. The most pleasing feature of the book is its truly spiritual outlook. It is refreshing to meet with an author on a scientific subject who makes his investigations into the wonderful intricacy and elaborate mechanism of the various structures he describes so many occasions of praising the marvellous work of the Divine Creator. In view of this feature, the book would be helpful to retreat-givers.

PERIODICALS.

Several new Press-enterprises demand the mention here which is due to first appearances. Founded last October, the French

paper **Unitas**, appearing every two months (Paris, 18 rue de Varenne: 3.00 fr.), is devoted to meeting the attack of the Anti-God movement throughout the world, and for this purpose aims at uniting, under the guidance of the Church, all zealous Christians, Orthodox and Protestant alike. **Up and Doing**, a twopenny monthly in the C.T.S. format, which started in May, is the spirited organ of the much needed Lay Apostolate in Ireland. **The Terminal** is the name of the Journal of the University of London Catholic Society (1 Woburn Square: 3d.) designed to provide a scattered flock with a literary bond of union. Lastly, all the way from Calcutta, comes **The New Review** (Macmillan: 2s.: 20s. annually), a monthly conducted by the Jesuit Fathers in India with the same general aims as our own, but paying particular attention to Indian problems and enlisting the services of Indian writers. The five issues which have already reached us promise well, from the value and variety of their contents, for the continued success of the undertaking. It is excellently printed, besides, on good paper with wide margins in a slightly larger format than our own.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

In addition to a reprint of the Pope's discourse relating to the Canonization of Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More, **The Catholic Mind** for May 8th (No. 9 for 1935) reprints Archbishop Downey's Pastoral, and that of Bishop McNulty, together with an editorial by Father Francis Talbot, S.J., on the significance of the life and death of these martyrs. The latter is also represented in the issue for April 22nd (No. 8) by an illuminating article on "Poetry and Prayer" and their intermingling in the Divine Liturgy. Reprints handling other current topics with vigour and lucidity are contained in Nos. 6 and 7.

Eveline Cole's story of **The Exile**, in the C.T.S. fiction series, describes the fortunes in England of a French *émigré* priest during the Terror: **Catholic Winchester**, by Mgr. J. H. King, deals with history in its own province, and, together with much historical detail concerning Winchester recusants, provides an interesting summary of the origin, nature, annals and outlook of the most ancient of our public schools.

The old pseudo-scientific division of natural dispositions is used to convey useful suggestions as to conduct by Father Conrad Hock in **The Four Temperaments** (Coldwell: 2s. 6d.), translated from the fifth German edition by Father Alfons Miller. Perhaps a slight risk is attached to an over-faithful reliance upon classification, and to stressing, as it were, the general importance of standardized types, especially where that notorious hydra, human nature, is concerned.

The "new" hymn-book, **Cantate Domino** (Rushworth & Dreaper:

6d.), was noticed in these pages on its initial appearance. Containing many beautiful and appealing versions of hymns from ancient sources, together with a few that appear in their now happily familiar Latin guise—it has achieved a well-merited popularity, and has recently been issued in a new form, with the words alone.

Messrs. Gill & Son, of Dublin, have brought out for 6d. a handbook on the historic **St. Mary's Abbey**, in that city, written by the well-known Cistercian writer, Father A. J. Luddy.

The pamphlet life of **Reverend Mother Agatha Verhelle**: Foundress of the Society of the Religious of Christian Instruction: 1786—1838 (The Burleigh Press, Bristol) reveals that she had the usual share of opposition, pain, and misfortune in her constructive work. Her sufferings were borne with faith and fortitude, and the record of her experiences and of her inner life is one of great constancy and devotion to the high ideals which guided her throughout her labours in the apostolate of education.

An inspiring lead has been given to the Catholic Young Men's Society by the Scottish National Chaplain of the organization, the Rev. Joseph Daniel, by his pamphlet entitled **Weld to Wield** (Peter King, Glasgow: 4d.), which "slogan" means presumably that union is necessary for effectiveness. The Chaplain sets forth with admirable thoroughness the ideals of the Society and the practical means whereby they are secured. His work is an elaboration of its spirit rather than a commentary on its comparatively few and simple rules, and is intended to give guidance and cohesion to a changing and developing body, so as the better to meet the needs of the Lay Apostolate. In this connexion it is strange that whilst the formation of groups to study Catholic Sociology is mentioned (p. 19) as one of the chief means of becoming competent, there is no word about the organization specially designed for that particular purpose, the Catholic Social Guild.

A pamphlet, published in Dublin and called **Manual of the Guilds of Regnum Christi**, of which the "Imprimatur" is dated February, 1934, describes the rules and working of an association which, again, has the Lay Apostolate in view. It contains admirable directions for personal sanctification, and an elaborate scheme of work in accordance with the Papal Encyclicals, but no account is given of its origin or extent or, except for incidental mention of a chaplain, of its inspiration, whether lay or clerical, or of the character of its membership, beyond the declaration, "Each Guild shall represent a particular work entrusted to mankind as a calling or vocation in life." This would seem to indicate something like a revival of the medieval Craft-Gilds: in any case, the association seems so excellent in scope and spirit that one would like to know more of it.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

AUBIER, Paris.

La Méthode Dynthétique d'Hamelon. By Leslie-John Beck. Pp. 250. Price, 15.00 fr.

BLACKWELL, Oxford.

The Story of the Relics of the Passion. Illustrated. By H. M. Gillett. Pp. 142. Price, 4s. 6d. n. *The Voice of One.* By Harrold Johnson. Pp. 40. Price, 2s. 6d. n.

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris.

L'Œuvre Exégétique et Historique du R. P. Lagrange. Par divers. Pp. 232. Price, 24.00 fr. *Dans les Cachots de la Tour de Londres.* By Eve Baudouin. Pp. 192. Price, 6.00 fr.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.

The Gospel According to St. Mark. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. Pp. 228. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *An Anthology of Mysticism.* By Paul de Jaegher, S.J. Pp. viii, 275. Price, 7s. 6d. *Behold Thy Mother.* By Cardinal Lepicier. Pp. 167. Price, 3s. 6d. *Joc and Colette on the Seashore.* By Vera Barclay. Illustrated. Pp. 179. Price, 3s. 6d. *S. Thérèse and the Faithful.* By Benedict Williamson. Pp. 202. Price, 5s.

COLDWELL, London.

Biblical Questions. Vol. I. The Old Testament. By Rudolph G. Bandas. Pp. viii, 181. Price, 7s. 6d. *Biblical Gems from the Old and New Testament.* Illustrated. Compiled by Rev. Aloysius Ambuzzi, S.J. Pp. xxi, 370. Price, 5s. *Villeneuve-Bargemont.* Illustrated. By Sister Mary Ignatius Ring. Pp. xxxiii, 265. Price, 15s. *Library Handbook for Catholic Students.* By William T. O'Rourke. Pp. xvi, 184. Price, 9s. 6d. *Romance of the Floridas.* Illustrated. By Michael Kenny, S.J. Pp. xxiii, 395. Price, 16s. 6d. *Blood-drenched Altars.* Illustrated. By Francis Clement Kelley. Pp. xx, 502. Price, 13s.

DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia.

Instructions for non-Catholics before Marriage. By the Rev. Anthony L. Ostheimer. Pp. 232. Price, 60 cents.

EDITIONS SPES, Paris.

Jésus et l'Âme Contemporaine. By Albert Bessièrès, S.J. Pp. 261. Price, 10.00 fr.

FABER AND FABER, London.

Liturgy and Society. By A. G. Herbert. Pp. 267. Price, 12s. 6d.

HERDER, London.

God: His Existence and His Nature. Vol. I. By Père Garrigou-Lagrange. Pp. xv, 392. Price, 12s. *Mary Mother Most Admirable.* By Henry C. S. Schuyler, S.T.L. Pp. 173. Price, 6s.

LA BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

Celui qui nous Aime. By l'Abbé A. Brenon. Pp. 211. Price, 6.00 fr.

LONGMANS, London.

The Gospel According to St. Luke. Westminster Version. Vol. I. Part III. Edited by Mgr. Joseph Dean. Pp. xxiv, 144. Price, 4s. paper, 5s. bound. *Queen Victoria.* By E. F. Benson. Pp. 409. Price, 16s. n.

PETER KING, Glasgow.

"Weld to Wield". C.Y.M.S. By the Rev. Joseph Daniel. Pp. 40. Price, 4d.

SHEED & WARD, London.

John Fisher and Thomas More. By Richard Lawrence Smith. Pp. ix, 308. Price, 6s. n. *Saint John Fisher.* By Vincent McNabb, O.P. Pp. 126. Price, 2s. 6d. n.

TÉQUI, Paris.

La Vénérable Servante de Dieu Anna-Maria Taigi. By le P. Gabriel Bouffier. Pp. 280. Price, 10.00 fr. *Par la Croix.* . . . By Jeanne Mortet. Pp. 236. Price, 10.00 fr. *Quand la Tête est Droite.* By René Duverne. Pp. 52. Price, 2.50 fr. *Général et Trappiste: le P. Marie-Joseph Baron de Géramb.* By Dom A. M. P. Ingold. Pp. 348. Price, 10.00 fr.

THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, London.

What is Patriotism? (Answers by 21 Writers.) Edited by N. P. MacDonald. Pp. 312. Price, 7s. 6d.

VITA E PENSIERO, Milan.

Il Cardinale Tomaso de Vio Gaetano. Pp. 166. Price, 10.00 l.

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